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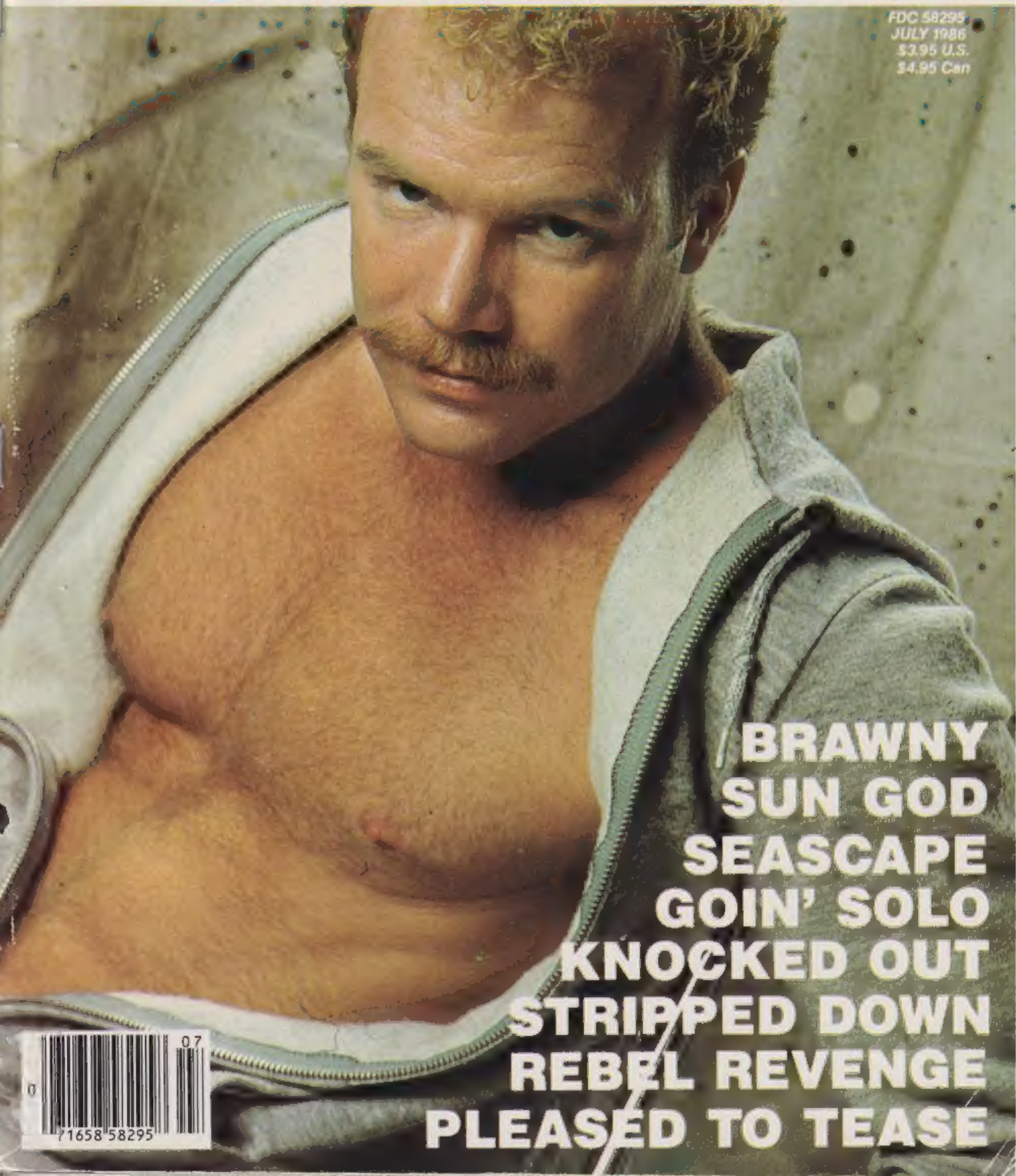

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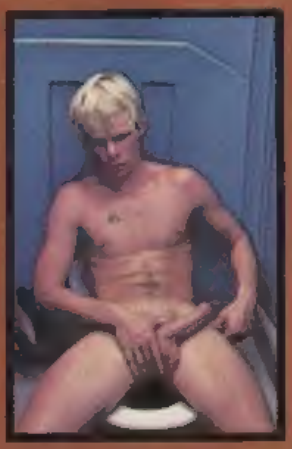

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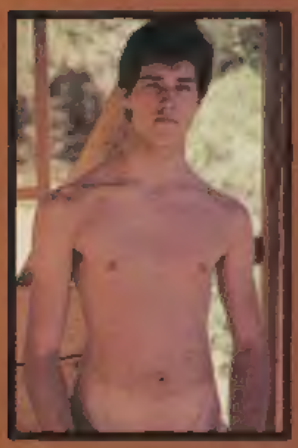

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JULY 1986
VOLUME 9 • NUMBER 4

COVER BY USHER

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CUBIC INCHES

THE HEFT FACTOR

Dear Honcho:

Whether most guys want to admit it or not, we are ALL interested in cock size, be it for bragging to friends, impressing a prospect, or for our own personal information. It seems the most common measurement is the length. Inches, inches, inches. More times than not, thickness is ignored. Sure, some guys can boast about their "huge" nine inches, but what good is it if it never even touches the sides???

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAAKKVE

I prefer to calculate what I call a "Heft Factor." Otherwise known as cubic inches. Ignoring the shape of cock heads, I apply the formula for the volume of a cylinder:

Volume = Radius × pi × Length

LETTERS

Since measuring a dick's radius can be difficult, the circumference can be used to calculate it:

Radius = Circumference ÷ pi ÷ 2

With this, the volume formula can be simplified to:

Volume = Circumference ÷ 2 × Length

Let's look at a few examples to see how this works. The Kinsey "Mr. Average" with a 6" long cock that is 5.5" around gets a Heft Factor of 16.5. "Mr. Huge Penis" with a 9" dick that is 5" around rates a 22.5. "Mr. Hole Stretcher" that has a 6.5" prong that is 7.5" around (OUCH!) is a 24.375.

So get out your tape measures, guys. Wrap it snugly (but not tightly) around your cock about one inch below the head, and read your girth. Have a ruler ready to take a length reading (play honest and take a top-side length — none of this from-the-asshole-out bullshit). Grab your calculators and pump out your "Heft Factor" (and as long as you're up to the occasion, pump out a load, too!). Forget about those two-dimensional lengths and start telling your cubic inches!!!

[redacted]
Rochester, NY

BRAWNY

BY JAY KERN • ART BY DOMINO

I was horny and hopeful as I sat in the bar. Before I had downed my second beer, the door opened and in walked a dead ringer for the Marlboro Man. He sat down next to me and I felt a stirring in my balls as I looked down at his crotch. He wore no belt and I was wondering whether he wore any underwear.

Four beers a night is the limit I give myself in the bar. If prospects look promising I'll then switch to cola with a slice of lemon. It was a Monday evening about 10:30—a universally off time—but I was horny and hopeful and was slowly downing my second beer when the door opened and in walked a dead ringer for the Marlboro Man. He wore only a wrinkled brown leather vest with rope loops above his 501s. The brawny, bearded giant sat down next to me and ordered a beer from the bartender. Our eyes met appraisingly as he leaned back onto his backless barstool and settled his ass onto the chair. The bartender brought him his beer and I watched him slowly pour it into his [illegible]. He glanced at me out of the corner of his eye. I felt a stirring in my balls as I peered down at his crotch. He wore no belt. I fantasized that he wasn't wearing any underwear.

"Nice night," I said, always at a loss for words to open a conversation.

He sipped on his beer. "Sure is." He turned to me, gave me a half-smile, his eyes again darted down to my crotch. I was wondering if he was wondering if I wore any underwear. Seems kind of dead in here.

"It's early yet." (I wonder why people always say that, even if it's close to midnight.) My hand went to my crotch and I tugged at myself. I was getting uncomfortably unsoft. He smiled and glanced down at my button-down jeans. I felt my cock lengthen and begin to creep upward.

"Nice jeans," he said, pulling at a growing bulge in his crotch as he raised a bit from his seat and manipulated himself so that his jeans outlined about six thick inches. I stared at the dark, even tan on his chest and wondered if he was as tan all over.

"You're not wearing any underwear I see."

"Neither are you," he retorted, touching my knee with his. "My name's Tony." He rested his hand on my thigh.

Glad to meet you, Tony. I'm Bill."

As he swiveled on his stool to face me, I saw that his chest was a shag rug of silky black hair but that a circle of about four inches had been shaved around each nipple, highlighting them at the crest of his massive pectorals. We slowly dropped our hands and pulled at our crotches. I was hard, and a small wetness was beginning to show high on my faded jeans. Tony looked around the bar. Our side was deserted and only five customers sat on the other side conversing with the talkative bartender. With one quick movement of his hand, he undid his top button and zipped down his fly about three inches and the leaning tower of his pisser sprang up and out and to the right as it nestled in his navel hair. I undid my top three buttons and guided his hand to my cock as my other hand began to prime his pump handle.

We both moved in our seats and fondled each other's balls, cupping them in our hands and feeling their warmth and urgency. I felt a metal ring under his ballsac. I traced it around to his public hair. I wanted to massage each silky hair with my tongue.

As we began to stroke each other, my balls started to rise in their sac and I was getting that pre-cum feeling, when the door at the other side of the bar opened and a man walked in and strolled over to sit in the seat next to Tony. When we saw him approach, we zipped and buttoned up and returned to sipping on our beers. The man looked like a middle-aged professor: gray hair, wire glasses, and a protruding belly no self-respecting belt would want to encircle. Tony looked at me and grinned. We looked at each other's crotch, at each other's eyes, and licked our lips.

"I'm only in town for the night. Got a

room at the hotel. Want to come up for awhile?" I couldn't believe it! This had never happened so quickly before!

"I've *been* up for quite a while," I quipped. "Now I wanna go down...on you."

I'm six feet tall, but when we got up from our seats, Tony stood three inches taller than me. I tucked my blue polo shirt into my jeans and my hands brushed against my cock, which had ballooned up to fill the front part of my groin. As we walked the two blocks down the street to his hotel, we made small talk. In the elevator, we groped each other and found we were both still hard. As we stepped inside his room, he turned to lock the door and I pulled off my jeans and shirt, stepped out of my sneaks, and wrapped my hands around his ass. He remained facing the door as I hurriedly unzipped him and probed at the crack of his ass with my cock. He turned and stepped out of his jeans. I fell to my knees before him and took his cock into my mouth, kneading his plum balls with my hands. He pumped into my face and placed his hands on the back of my bobbing head.

Aware that my own cock badly needed attending, I moaned and slipped beneath his legs and pulled him down onto me. He straddled me, slowly thrusting his pulsing nine inches into my watering mouth. I raised my hands beneath his leather vest, which he wanted to keep on, and massaged his back from his coccyx to his shoulder blades. He moaned and lowered his body as his mouth sought and found my very wet cockhead. He slid his lips down my shaft until I felt the dome of my cock massaging his tonsils.

I plunged deeper and felt his tongue draw my balls into his mouth. My mouth went into overdrive as I tried to return the pleasure he was giving me, but my balls were beginning to tighten and I felt myself in the throes of coming. My balls slipped out of his mouth one by one, and their release spurred me to spurt deep into his throat. My first burst of cum boomeranged back out of his mouth and dripped down his chin. Tony reached up and pressed deep into the underside of my balls and fingered them as they released their load. Then he inserted two fingers up my asshole and as they corkscrewed up, I began to shoot off again. Another finger joined the other two in my pulsing hole, and then a fourth wriggled its way upward to massage my prostate.

Both my asshole and my cockhole were experiencing intense pleasure, when suddenly my mouth was filled with another creamy explosion. As Tony's pump filled my well, he leaned back, groaned, and twisted his hard brown nipples with his fingers. When he finally withdrew his cock, my nose burrowed into his silky thatch of pubic hair and my tongue traced his cockring and gave it a saliva bath.

He pulled away and leaned down, raising his ass and spreading his buns over my face. When I looked up, I could see the opening and closing of his pink puckerhole. My tongue thrust upward into the wet hole. My hand reached around him and I pulled on his cockring, trying to insert a finger under its metallic bind. He swiveled his ass around so I could see the underside of his balls and arched his body, bringing his balls down to rest in my mouth. His fist started pumping on my cock.

I reached up in front of him and pulled his stiff cock down to examine it as he changed position and knelt over me. The cockhead was red and shiny from his recent coming, and my tongue flicked up to retrieve a pearl of newly formed pre-cum from his pisshole. He shivered and squirmed as his cock snapped to attention against his thatch. I pulled it down again and tongued the slit, my hands circling his ivory buns.

Tony slid his cock down my body so that we were lying cock to cock, balls to balls, thatch to thatch. He raised my head and we looked into each others' eyes and smiled. "Let's fuck," he said, kissing me. I spread my legs and wrapped them around his ass as he dry-fucked my groin. He leaned down to me and tongued my eyes. "Let's fuck in the tub." He rose from the floor.

I lay waiting for him to extend me a helping hand, but he turned and walked away. I rose and followed him into the bathroom. He turned on the water to a moderate temperature and stood at the toilet waiting for his hard-on to abate so that he could take a piss. I stood behind him, forcing my cock downward so that my thatch brushed the crack of his ass. My hands reached around him and I took his tool in my hand, shaking it a bit to extract the piss. I didn't succeed; it began to thicken and throb against my fist. A few spurts of piss leaped out from his pink slit and hit the wall over the toilet. A few more landed in his navel and dripped down onto his balls. I positioned myself in front of him and tried to pump up some piss onto my abdomen, to no avail.

We kissed and stepped into the tub together, my fist still encircling his cock as his hands continued to massage his nipples. I tried to pull his cock ring off.

"Don't!" he growled. "That stays on."

"I'd like to try it on me," I grinned. "I've never worn a cockring."

"I'll bring you one the next time I'm in town." His erect derrick gushed a puddle of pre-cum and my finger scooped it up for my hungry mouth.

I turned and kissed him. "Is that a promise?"

"Sure." He rubbed my stomach with his primer. "I don't lie."

"Get one big enough for both of us. Do they make them that big?"

Continued to page 21

"Fuck my tits," he commanded, his fingers rising to twist the erect nipples. He reached for the bottle of baby oil and rubbed the liquid onto his pecs and onto my cock. At his touch, I almost unloaded. Almost, but not quite...

Stripped Down

"Hey, buddy. Is this your car? Too bad about that accident. I'll give you a ride."

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn

Stripped Down

"I always come down here to look for some spare parts. Looks like you've got a part I'd like to work on."

Stripped Down

"Come over here so I can give you a through inspection. I always check out the chassis before going for a ride."

Stripped Down

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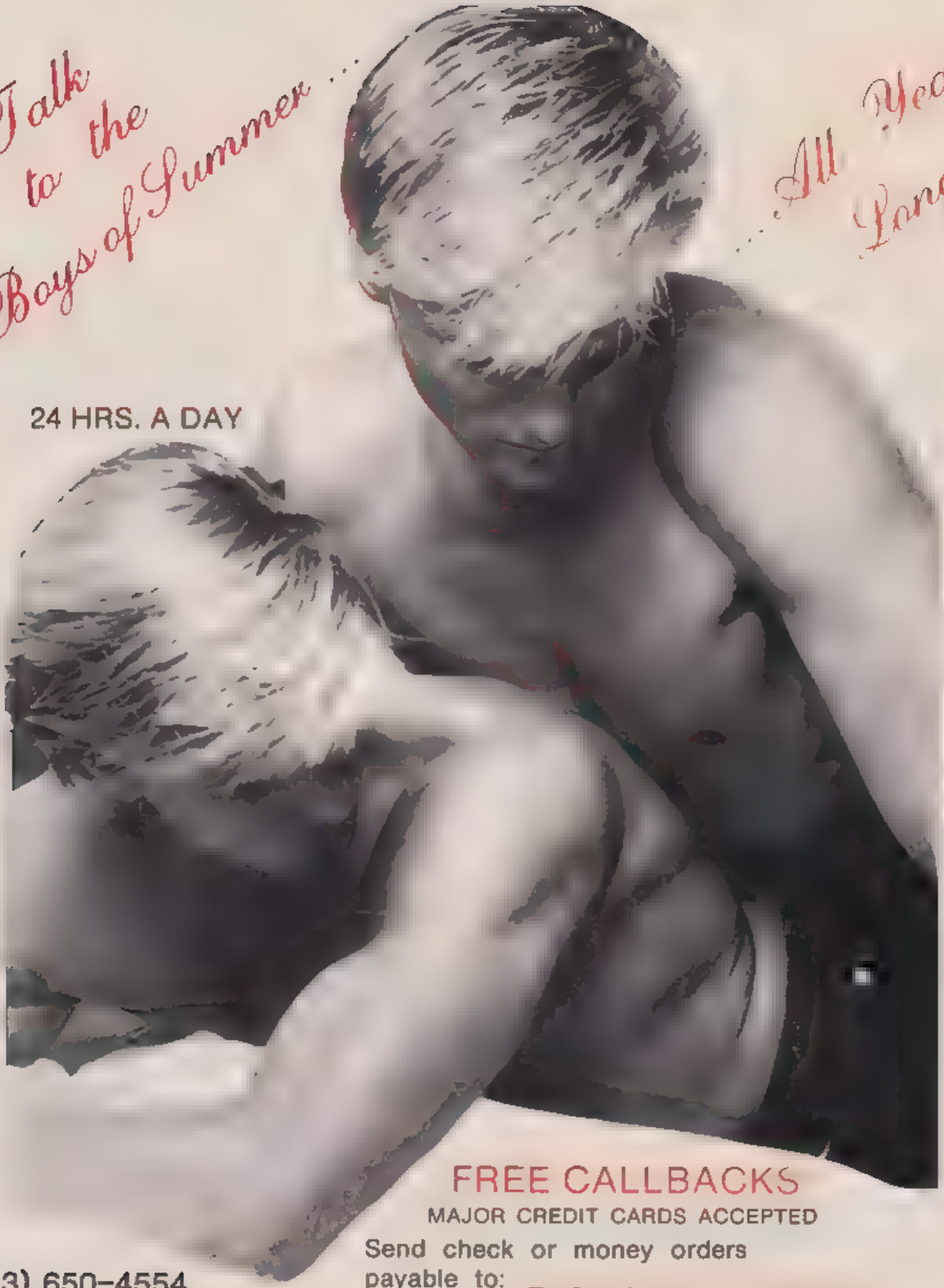

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BRAWNY

Continued from page 12

Tony laughed. "Yeah. They do. You know, last weekend I was in Chicago." He reached behind me and pushed two fingers into my ass as the tub water reached our knees. "I was goin' through security and the fuckin' alarm went off."

"What for?"

"I didn't know. I didn't understand. I had to go back through, even though I had taken all my keys and change out and laid it on the counter. I went through again, and the fuckin' alarm went off again."

"It was your cockring."

He laughed. "Yeah. When I realized what it must be, I didn't know what to do. I think they were about to strip search me, which under other conditions might have proven to be enjoyable, but I slipped my hands in my front pockets and manipulated the cockring off. It fell loudly to the floor and rolled very suspiciously to the feet of the examiner. I walked through the gate and the alarm didn't go off. The fuckin' examiner just stood there looking astonished as I bent down to pick up the ring and put it in my pocket."

I laughed, fingered his ring, and knelt down to kiss his cock.

"Let's fuck!" Tony ordered, and turned me in the tub so that my hands were resting on the hot and cold water faucets. He raised my ass and lubed my hole and his cock with baby oil. "Raise up more," he grunted, as I welcomed his ramrod tip between my cheeks.

"Aren't you going to take your vest off?"

"Nah," he said, splashing water over it. "I like the smell of it wet." I felt his pole slide up into me as my gate opened wider to let him in. I reached behind him and my fingers gripped his ass as I tried to pull him deeper. I turned my head and saw that his eyes were closed and his fingers were pulling on his nipples, as his lance lunged into my depths.

His jets shot into me with the force of a bazooka. He spurted again and again as my hands pressed onto the faucets cushioning me from his blows. He slid down into the warm water of the tub and pulled me back onto his body, my ass still speared by his pulsating cock.

After a while, the warm water eased his need and he slipped out of me. I turned and knelt in front of him and placed his legs on the sides of the tub. He was lying back with his head resting on the back of the tub and his vest submerged in the water. His limp cock floated onto his abdomen. His eyes opened and fastened on my leaking cockhead.

"Fuck my tits," he said, his fingers rising to twist on his nipples. He reached for the bottle of baby oil on the floor and rubbed the liquid onto his tits and onto my cock.

I approached his left nipple. I was oozing pre-cum, and a string of sticky fluid slipped out of my slit and landed on his nipple.

"Oh, Bill," he said, wriggling in the water. "Fuck it! Fuck that fuckin' tit! It needs fuckin!"

I touched it and my slit enveloped his nipple, feeling its hardness inside my pisshole. I straddled him, rising on my knees to let my hairy sac rub onto each shaved nipple area.

"Oh, Bill..." he moaned again and writhed under me in the water. His cock was now hard again and peered upward from beneath the water like a fleshy periscope. His hands reached up underneath his vest and compressed his chest. My cock slipped onto the chest hollow he formed and fucked away onto his hairy sternum. As he inserted a solitary finger up my asshole, I came onto his chest. He grabbed onto my spurting demon and touched it to each nipple and soaked them with my flood of jizm. My ass was still pumping its load when he lowered himself in the tub and took me into his mouth and milked my balls until I was completely drained. I slid down onto him and we sunk our bodies beneath the water. With a bar of the hotel soap, we cleansed each other.

After stepping out of the tub and toweling each other dry, arm in arm we walked into the bedroom and lay on the bed and turned the TV on to a late-late movie. We fell asleep in each other's arms. I awoke in the morning to find Tony dry fucking my thickening cock. I reached down and clasped both hands around both cocks and pulled us off, our white milk forming a thick puddle in my navel. We greased our rods with our cream and sucked each other hard, one more time.

I looked forward to Tony's weekly visits to town. From then on, Monday nights were the *best* nights. ■

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Ilya was shoved roughly to a stake, and the jacket and shirt of his uniform were ripped off. His great biceps strained vainly against the thick ropes that were used to bind him to the stake. He could only speculate in terror what was to be done with Alexei, for the rebels now seemed interested only in tormenting the tall, blond soldier.

REBEL REVENGE

BY ALEXANDER LE GRAND • ART BY MATT

Alexei and Ilya were utterly taken by surprise when they heard the bloodcurdling shouts of the Afghan tribesmen, who seemed to materialize from nowhere in the narrow gap between two small hills. The youthful Russian soldiers were on a routine, uneventful patrol, uneventful until the whole world was suddenly aswarm with bearded and turbaned rebels, whose fierce black eyes and white-toothed grimaces would have unnerved even the most battle-hardened of infantrymen. The Russians' rifles were stripped from their grasp before they had a chance to raise them, and the two were jostled and prodded along a trail hidden in the surrounding bush.

The sweat of fear stained their uniforms as they contemplated the terror which lay in store for them. They had heard the rumors. They had seen the mutilated bodies of fallen comrades.

Alexei remembered bitterly that had it not been for the invasion of Afghanistan, he might at this moment have been dazzling the crowds at the Moscow Olympics. He had been well on his way to becoming a champion diver of the Soviet Army team when his unit was called. His political officer, convinced that the 18-year-old athlete's body would serve the interests of the state much better on a diving platform, had tried to get him transferred out. But bureaucratic paralysis had foiled the effort.

Alexei was six feet tall, blond and smooth-skinned, with a flat, taut belly and the wide shoulders of a powerful swimmer. His boyish, blue-eyed, handsome face and cheerful personality had made him popular, but he remained instinctively shy. That face was now deeply tanned by the merciless sun, and his eyes, once clear and trusting and hopeful, were flecked with red and clouded with fear.

Ilya, trudging along behind his comrade, seemed less shaken by their plight. He towered above his captors and maintained an expression of fierce implacability, his fierceness only slightly diluted by youthful uncertainty. He was barely 20, and even the great, drooping black moustache he had grown on the campaign could not age him. Like his comrade, Ilya was a sportsman, though not as successful as Alexei. In his last heavyweight wrestling contest he had been summarily pinned by a huge Mongolian tank driver. Nevertheless, Ilya

was convinced that, given a chance, he could dispatch two or three of the Afghan barbarians with his well-trained 240-pound bulk. For the moment, however, their rifles gave them the edge.

After only half an hour on the trail, the band arrived at the small collection of huts which served as headquarters for the rebels. A short, grizzled Afghan appeared in the doorway of one of the larger huts and walked over to the two Russians. He spoke their language hatingly but passionately.

"Your planes and gunships last night attack our mosque. Many our women and children die. Why you come into our country to kill and destroy? We will send you to hell! All of you! But first, we make hell on earth for you."

Somehow Ilya managed to maintain his stoicism. But Alexei was visibly trembling. The two men holding him snickered and pointed to the widening stain at his crotch. Ilya was enraged by his friend's humiliation, and by his own powerlessness.

The hapless youth's discomfort immediately gave rise to a cruel strategy, passed on to the rebel commander by his lieutenants.

Ilya was shoved roughly toward a stake set up nearby. The jacket and shirt of his uniform were ripped off, revealing a sweat-drenched torso matted with thick, swirling black hair. His great biceps strained painfully against the thick ropes with which his captors bound him to the stake. He was afraid to speculate what was to be done with Alexei, to whom the rebels now directed their attention.

A pony was led out into the clearing among the huts, and Alexei, madly trying to resist, was stripped down to his briefs. His cleanly muscled, symmetrical build, with its light sprinkling of golden hair, glowed in the sunlight as he stood bowed before his captors. The commander strode up to the humbled youth and spat in his face; then, in a lightning move, he ripped the briefs from Alexei's lean hips.

The commander placed both hands on Alexei's shoulders and forced him down to his knees. The young soldier looked up into the cruel smile of his enemy. The Afghan grabbed a handful of silky blond hair and forced the boy's head back further, then leaned down into Alexei's anguished face and whispered something which Ilya was unable to hear. Alexei tried to shake his head in refusal, but the commander twisted the soldier's hair more tightly, making movement impossible.

After a moment, one of the tribesmen walked up beside the kneeling youth and placed his rifle against Alexei's left temple. Without further resistance, Alexei complied with the Afghan's mysterious order. Reaching down with one long, muscular arm, he reluctantly took his limp organ in hand. At the commander's orders and with mocking encouragements from the tribesmen, Alexei began masturbating himself until his erection stood straight up against his hard, flat belly. The rebel leader, not quite satisfied, motioned for the rifleman to encourage Alexei's efforts a bit. The humiliated prisoner obediently resumed jerking off, this time faster and with all the

MATT

After the assault, Ilya and Alexei were hustled into a small hut, where they were shoved down onto a floor covered with animal skins. Although they were no longer chained or bound, the soldiers knew that the single entrance was well guarded and that escape was impossible, at least for the moment. For long minutes, their mutual humiliation would not allow them even to look at each other...

excitement he could manufacture, until a gleaming strand of clear fluid oozed from the head of his circumcised, tapering cock. Satisfied, the commander gave a signal and the pony was brought up.

Next, out of the hut nearest the stake where Ilya was tied strode another rebel soldier, a leanly muscular boy hardly older than Alexei. Unlike his peers, he had neither beard nor moustache, but his thick, curly hair was a bit long and very black. His sinewy legs and arms were swathed in the same furry covering, as were his chest and belly. Not as well-developed as Alexei, the young rebel was nevertheless a man of obvious strength, but his boyish features mitigated the toughness of his bearing. Ilya could not help noticing that, beneath the skimpy white shorts that were the youth's only covering, was a mound of alarming proportions.

Indeed, the only name Ilya could discern in the vulgar greetings of the boy's comrades was "Horse." In a moment he saw the reason. At a signal from the commander, the youth quickly slipped out of the shorts, revealing a crotch with a thick bush of kinky fur, heavy, globular nuts, and an enormously thick member. Already fully engorged from anticipation of the task ahead, it was no less than ten inches long, swollen, blue-veined, and twitching between muscular, hairy thighs. He stood, legs spread and arms folded, before the kneeling Alexei.

In a practiced leap, the Afghan jumped on the pony. Two tribesmen roughly pulled Alexei to his feet and forced him to mount in front of the rebel. The dark guerilla forced the blond Russian forward and down until Alexei's buns and asshole were fully exposed before him. Ilya winced when he saw that the rebel's huge prong was glistening with some sort of greasy lubrication. The plunge of the great, pulsating cock was swift and accurate; Alexei let out a searing cry as the full length was driven home. Almost immediately, the pony bolted, and the enemies coupled together on its back bounced and jostled. But the Afghan managed to keep both of them astride the horse, Alexei now thrown back against the Afghan's lap.

As Ilya watched, it dawned on him that each bounce of the pony was driving that gigantic spear deeper and deeper into his comrade's tender asshole. In fact, the penetration was so deep that the prostate was receiving a steady battering. The evidence of this was quick to appear. Alexei cried out and shook his head madly as his cock sprayed out a fountain of creamy white liquid, which arched over his chest. A second shot went up over his shoulder and splattered the face of his tormentor. The Afghan youth groaned with triumphant pleasure. He thrust himself more vigorously into his victim's wounded hole. Again the stream of Alexei's vitality gushed forth, this time spattering across the mane of the pony. The boy was maddened by the humiliating combination of utmost pain and excruciating pleasure. He begged for the pony to stop, for the spear to be withdrawn. Yet some part of him wanted just one more spurt.

Ilya screamed for the torture to be stopped. He had heard of these practices. He knew the ultimate object: the total destruction of the victim's genital system. Alexei was screaming constantly now, crying, whimpering, pleading. Suddenly the pony was reined to a halt and the sweating, black-haired Afghan youth extricated his fleshy weapon and jumped to the ground. With eyes glazed, head thrown back, and pelvis thrust forward, he frigged himself, his eyes ablaze with arrogant lust. In a few seconds he let out an animal howl as orgasm overwhelmed him. His cock became a hose, releasing a torrent of semen from his huge, fur-covered balls. The gush arced several feet in front of the boy and formed steaming puddles wherever it fell. At last he was exhausted. His hard, powerful body relaxed and dropped to the ground. Alexei lay across the back of the pony, still whimpering, his almost depleted manhood dribbling from his limp organ onto the parched earth.

Ilya could only guess at Alexei's pain. He was so caught up in his friend's plight that he almost forgot his own. The rebels had not. Tired of their sport with the young blond, they cast their eyes on his formidable companion.

Ilya knew the rebels would try to give him something similar to what his friend had just suffered. But just let them try to fuck his ass! They might kill him, but he'd take a couple of the bastards with him.

In the distance there was a clatter of hooves. The tribesmen began repeating a name as they pointed to a cloud of dust on the horizon: "Iskenderis! Iskenderis! Iskenderis!"

The man who rode up on a sweating black horse a few moments later—the commander of all the rebels in the province—was truly awesome. Ilya looked at him with mouth agape. He was at least seven feet tall, with a magnificently proportioned bulk to match. Perhaps in his mid-30s, Iskenderis possessed classically handsome features, a beard conforming to the line of his strongly chiseled chin, and a well-trimmed moustache. Ilya had never seen a nose quite like that of the Afghan commander: it came straight down from the line of his forehead. Such noses existed, he thought, only on old Greek statues. Of course! The man was not Afghan at all—he was Greek. He had to be. Not modern Mediterranean Greek, but old, old Greek. Hadn't Alexander's armies passed through this very region some 2400 years ago? And some of them had decided to stay and settle. It might be that here and there a nearly pure strain of Greek heritage had survived . . . and "Iskenderis" did, after all, mean "Alexander."

The bearded giant strode over to confront Ilya. Towering above the bound Russian, he smiled. "This man looks very strong. He is a champion of his army, I think. I shall test him." Ilya could not understand the words, but he was thoroughly convinced that he would understand—and dislike—whatever was to follow.

Two rebels untied the half-naked prisoner and prodded him out into the middle of the clearing. They motioned for him to remove his uniform trousers. Already Ilya was uneasy, but he complied, knowing that rifles were aimed at his head and his heart. Iskenderis walked round and round the sturdy Russian wrestler, now clad only in white briefs. The rebel leader stripped himself, revealing a magnificent physique the like of which Ilya had never seen, except in ancient Greek statues. Iskenderis' waist was startlingly narrow for so big a man, but his rib cage flared mightily to support a broad plating of steely pectoral and shoulder muscles. His arms rippled, as did his massive, perfectly turned legs, and his burnished olive skin, nearly hairless, glistened with sweat. His loins were covered with the simplest of white undergarments, and as he came close to Ilya, the Russian caught a whiff of some pleasant odor that his great bulk exuded. He had expected the man to stink like a horse.

Without warning, Iskenderis smothered the hapless Russian youth in a crushing bear hug. The breath was nearly squeezed out of him, but somehow Ilya managed to slip one arm free. Savagely he shoved the heel of his hand against his opponent's long, straight nose. Iskenderis, surprised, released the hold and staggered back, giving the shaken younger man time to dive for a tackle. Iskendens fell heavily, and Ilya swooped down on him. But the boy's weight was not enough to keep the giant down for long. Iskenderis easily rolled him off and pinned him to the ground. Try as he might, Ilya could not free himself. As Iskenderis adjusted his hold into straddle position, Ilya's heart was gripped by the cold hand of fear.

Iskenderis was now practically sitting on Ilya's heaving chest, and the young man could smell the heady aroma of the Afghan's loins. The bulge at Iskenderis' crotch was evident and growing, and presently the garment could no longer contain it. As the giant's erection pushed its way out one side of the scanty shorts, the bulbous head unsheathed itself from its thick foreskin to reveal a pearly droplet oozing from the tip. The thick, fully hardened shaft twitched and pulsated in Ilya's face. He tried to turn away, but Iskenderis retaliated by resting more of his weight on the boy's chest. Struggling for life and air, Ilya was forced to turn his face back into his tormentor's loins. He knew what he was being forced to do, and terror and repulsion rose in his throat to gag him. The helmet-like cockhead pressed against his moustache; his lips were parted ever so slowly; the giant pressed himself between them. Ilya's mouth and throat stretched painfully to accept the invading organ.

To the cheers of his comrades, Iskenderis began to pump. In just a few moments Ilya felt the shaft harden as the cockhead was forced against the back of his throat. The giant howled with animal lust. His sperm flowed thick and hot. It filled Ilya's throat and mouth and poured over his lips and across his drooping black moustache. When the eruption finally ceased, the giant was bowed with exhaustion over the body of his victim. The softening organ remained inside Ilya's mouth. In order to breathe, the boy was forced to swallow a mouthful of the rebel leader's bittersweet cream.

Iskenderis, regaining his strength, rose and stood triumphant over the humbled Russian. The rebels cheered loudly as their leader walked away and disappeared into the largest hut. Ilya and Alexei were taken into a smaller hut and thrown to the floor. For some time their mutual humiliation would not allow them even to look at each other, but ultimately the camaraderie of suffering overcame their reticence, and they embraced. Wordlessly, they looked into each other's eyes and cried like lost children.

Soon Ilya and Alexei fell into exhausted sleep, their arms still around each other. Hours later, in the dead of night, the light from a primitive oil lamp awakened them. Startled, they rubbed the sleep from their eyes, and discerned the face of Alexei's youthful tormentor. He was stripped to the waist, and the generous black hair on his chest gleamed in the amber light. His dark eyes were intense and earnest. The young captives wondered if even worse tortures were in store.

"I am Brak. I know you must hate me for what I did, but you must believe I am really your friend!" The youth spoke fairly good Russian. "I studied your language in school, before the invasion. Let me help you as I've helped other of your soldiers. Else my brother and his friends, tomorrow they will kill you!"

"Your brother?"

"Iskenderis. I despise him."

"But why should you be our friend?"

"I am not like the others. I want the Russians to win. Our country will have a chance then, to become modern. I would like someday to study in Moscow, to know science and mathematics. But listen, tomorrow they will force you to do worse than today. They will make you do things with each other, and while you are in the throes, they will castrate you, and then behead you!"

"Barbarians! Why did you do what you did yesterday to me?" Alexei demanded.

"I was not supposed to stop the horse and get off, but I knew if we rode much farther, your sex would be destroyed, and I could not—"

Ilya cut him off. "Why should we believe you? How do we know it's not a trick?"

"Because I will let you take your revenge on me. Now. I will encourage you to humble me. Then you will know that I am your penitent friend, your devoted servant, your loving . . . comrade. And once you are convinced of this, we will escape together. Perhaps, among your people, you will make a plea on my behalf."

"Our trust will not be easily won," Ilya warned.

Not after what we've been forced to endure," added Alexei.

"I will accept an even greater degradation. I will accept it as an honor. I only caution that when you do it to me, you must be quiet. The guard is high on hashish, but he still might stir if we make too loud a disturbance."

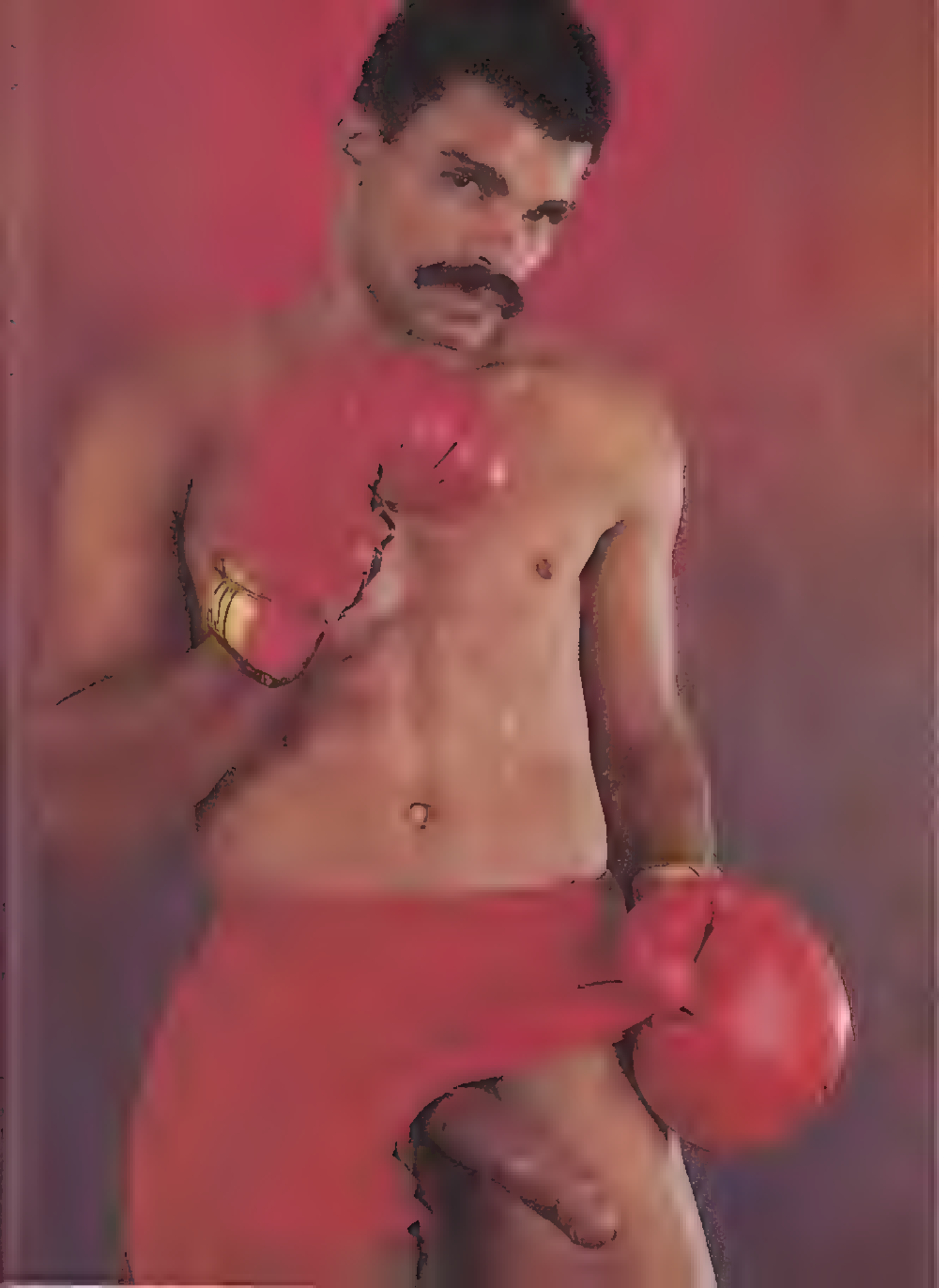
Without speaking further, the youth pulled off his riding breeches and boots and lay naked on the fur between Alexei and Ilya, to whom he gestured that they should stand. As they rose to their feet, Brak gazed up at them with admiration and awe. "You are strong, you are beautiful. To

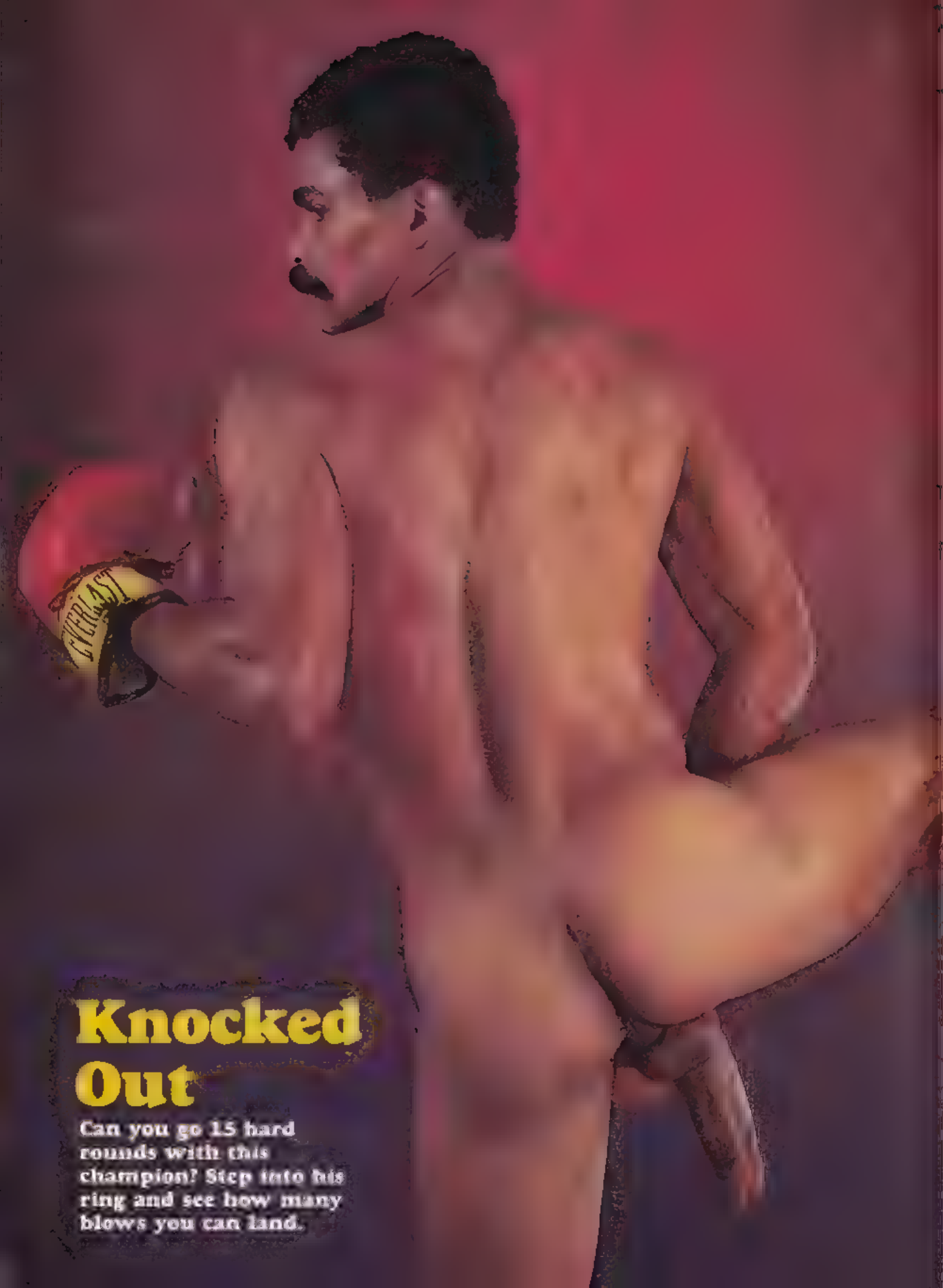
Continued to page 70

Knocked Out

In the ring he pummels opponents with his lethal left-right combination. Outside [illegible] out with his animal urges.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn





Knocked Out

Can you go 15 hard rounds with this champion? Step into his ring and see how many blows you can land.

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My lover, Phil, calls me "sewer mouth." I can't help it—I've always gotten off on talking dirty, whether in bed, or out. We have an open relationship and we always get aroused by telling each other our sexual fantasies and describing our actual escapades. These sessions of "show and tell" are usually followed by a great fuck.

TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT

BY ROLAND GRAEME

ART BY KINSMEN

Phil, my lover, is one hell of a great guy, but he has one habit that drives me up the wall. He's a college professor and constantly uses big words in casual conversation, taking it for granted that everybody else is as well educated and literate as he is. One of his affectionate nicknames for me is "Mister Malaprop"; sometimes I think that's funny.

Another of Phil's pet names for me is "Sewer Mouth." I can't help it—I've always gotten off on talking dirty.

"I've never known a guy who was into erotolalia to the extent you are," Phil remarked one night, after a particularly intense and satisfying session between the sheets.

I wasn't about to let his remark pass, not with an intriguing word like *erotolalia* hanging in the air. I'd already swallowed a load of Phil's jism; now, I swallowed my pride as well and asked my horny professor what it meant. Phil explained that a person who found dirty talk as sexually stimulating as I did was into erotolalia. "Not that I'm complaining, you understand. It's one of the things I love about you."

I grinned. I knew *exactly* what my lover meant now. From the beginning, we'd had an open relationship. Phil had been a little uptight about sex when we'd first started fucking together, but now he was every bit as shameless as I was. We always got aroused by telling each other about our sexual fantasies, and our actual escapades, and after "tell and show" we always had great fucking sessions.

For the past couple of months I had carried on a casual flirtation with a guy at work named Mark. He wasn't obviously gay—in fact, he was macho as all get-out. Six feet tall, with dirty blond hair, blue eyes, broad shoulders, narrow hips, and a well-packed crotch, Mark looks more like a lumberjack than a computer programmer. I never even suspected that he might be gay (although I'd fantasized about him, wildly and often) until I ran into him one night in a local gay bar. We didn't trick, but I began to give the possibility some serious thought. At work, we started spending our coffee breaks together, telling each other about the other men we were having sex with.

Mark hinted on several different occasions that he was more than a little interested in getting together some night for sex. I pretended for a while not to pick up on his more and more obvious hints. Naturally, I cockteased the poor guy

shamelessly, by always wearing clothes to work that accentuated my crotch and ass.

One morning it was raining very hard when Phil left for work, and the weather gave me a sudden inspiration. I phoned Mark and asked him if he'd mind picking me up on his way to the office, since my car wouldn't start.

"I guess it needs a jump start," I lied, knowing perfectly well that my car needed nothing of the sort.

"I'll be right over," Mark promised, an unmistakable note of excitement in his voice.

Anticipating the standard come-on from my co-worker, I dressed in my tightest designer jeans and a soft, clinging shirt. While waiting for my sexy chauffeur to arrive, I rolled a joint and amused myself by thinking about our drive to work and speculating about how our mutual attraction might transform such a mundane thing as car-pooling into something much more stimulating. My dick jerked with anticipation when I heard Mark outside—honking his horn!

Once in his car, I pulled the joint from my shirt pocket and nonchalantly lit up. Much to my delight, Mark joined me in getting high. When we both had had all the smoke we wanted, I deposited the joint in the ashtray and slid as close to him as the gear shift would allow. He grinned and said that he would like to eat my dick "like an ear of corn slathered with melted butter," if only we had 15 extra minutes.

As he spoke, we drove past the service station where Phil and I usually got our gas. I pointed out the gas station's main attraction: the daytime gas-pump jockey. Calvin was an incredible 19-year-old black male, about six-feet-one, at least 200 pounds. He was coal black, extremely muscular, and kept his hair cut very short. In hot weather he always pranced around the service station shirtless. He wore nothing, in fact, but work boots and short-shorts, the latter cut so obscenely high that his sassy black ass cheeks almost stuck out and his dick had to be bent back upon itself in order to fit inside the crowded crotch.

When I saw that Calvin was on duty, his half-naked torso dripping wet from the steady rain as he manned the pumps, I was tempted to ask Mark to stop, so I could use the pay phone to call in sick. Then maybe I could get Mark *and* Calvin to spend the whole morning screwing me shitless! Instead, controlling myself, I unzipped my jeans and pulled them down a bit so Mark could see my crotch hair and the base of my turgid dick.

I shivered with desire when I felt Mark's hand slide inside my jeans and cup my genitals. He caressed my cock and balls, then my inner thighs, and every so often slipped a finger or two between my ass cheeks and against the puckered aperture of my warm, moist, exceptionally horny asshole. All the while, he kept driving in the general direction of our office, but he was certainly taking his time getting there. I started whimpering with pleasure and squirming in my seat next to him. Although we were getting close to the office, I intended to make good use of whatever time remained. I hadn't had breakfast, and I was more than a little hungry for a taste of Mark's big cock.

I had a little trouble freeing his stiff organ from his jeans, but once I had it out in the open, I started sucking it with a lustful abandon that surprised even me. Mark packed about eight inches of delicious, solid, high-calorie meat. I licked it and sucked on it right there in the middle of the mid-morning traffic until he was begging me to stop for fear of driving straight into another vehicle!

Ignoring his pleas, I concentrated my attention on the head of his beautiful fuck tool. I swabbed it lustfully with my tongue and licked up the pearls of pre-cum oozing from the vertical slit at the center of the glans. When I suddenly swooped back down on his cock, taking all eight inches down my throat, Mark let out a loud, animal-like moan of pure pleasure. He began pumping his groin. My head felt like a buoy bobbing up and down on rough seas.

Mark cried out hoarsely that he was coming; I braced myself and anticipated a gigantic load. He certainly didn't disappoint me. Thick, creamy cum gushed from his cock and filled my mouth to overflowing. I swallowed it all, relishing the feel of goopy semen sliding down my throat. Then I licked him clean. He pulled into the parking lot, and we hastily straightened our clothes, then walked into the office together as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

I saw Mark several times that day, of course, and each time I felt a twinge of excitement in my balls. Our eyes would meet and we'd exchange conspiratorial smirks. I had to go into the men's room to check the crotch of my jeans several times for any tell-tale signs of wetness! Already, I was thinking about fucking Mark, and I knew the day wasn't far off when I'd feel his eight inches plunging deep into my willing asshole.

When I got home that night, I told Phil all that had happened between Mark and me. In bed, as we fondled each other, I went into juicy detail about my ride to work. The excitement mounted as I related how I had sucked on Mark's good-looking—and better-tasting—cock like a lust-crazed satyr, and how I had gulped down all the delicious cum he poured into my mouth.

To my amazement, I was able to take all that he had to give me! "Oh, fill 'er up, man," I gasped as I spasmed with anal delight beneath Calvin's sweaty, hard-muscled black body while the last inch of his fuck tool entered me, stretching me to my limits of endurance. "Give me all of that high-octane dick!"

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I am at least 18 years of age and am not offended by this material.

I was still talking breathlessly, reliving the experience, when Phil suddenly rolled me over onto my back and slammed his super-hard cock deep into my hot, clenching asshole. For the next half-hour we fucked like a pair of rutting beasts, his dick and my asshole banging against each other and grinding together in a frenzy of lust.

I was still half-asleep the following morning when Phil kissed me and left the house to go to work. I reached for the phone beside the bed and was about to dial Mark's number when I had an even more perverse idea. I grabbed the phone book, looked up the service station's number, and practically fainted from excitement when Calvin answered, his deep, slow, utterly masculine voice oozing from the receiver like molasses.

I identified myself and once again claimed that my car wouldn't start. Could Calvin come over right away and take a look at it?

I had never tricked with a black man, so I spent an extremely nervous, horny 20 minutes awaiting Calvin's arrival. I scribbled a note telling him not to bother to knock but to just walk in, taped the note to the front door, and went back to bed, pulling the covers up over my naked, shivering body and masturbating until my cock was painfully stiff and ready to explode with anticipation.

I heard the front door open and then the sound of footsteps hesitantly approaching the bedroom. Suddenly, Calvin was standing in the doorway, or rather *filling* it with his muscular black body, and smiling knowingly at me. I pulled the covers down to reveal my naked body and waiting erection. Calvin looked me up and down and nodded approvingly, then started to undress. It didn't take him long, because he had so few clothes on to begin with. My pulse raced as he tugged on the shorts to expose his cock. When it was completely free, I gasped. It was huge, coal black, and fully erect—and even more exciting than the countless erotic fantasies in which this young black stallion had starred.

As Calvin approached the bed, I got onto my hands and knees on the mattress, took careful aim, and lowered my mouth onto his glistening black cock. I sucked it slowly, wanting this phallic feast to last as long as possible, but in his heightened state of excitement Calvin was unable to prolong the pleasure for more than a few minutes. Suddenly my mouth was blasted with a load of warm, creamy semen. I tried my best to swallow it, but there was simply too much coming too fast.

As I licked Calvin's cock clean, he twisted himself around so he could go down on me in return. I was already so wildly aroused by the taste of his hot thick jism that within seconds my whole body erupted in spasms of delight, as his magical tongue and fast-slurping lips took me through a pulsating, spurting orgasm.

We rested for a few moments, then Calvin squirmed out from under me and turned me over onto my back in the middle of the bed. He maneuvered me around so that I was lying flat with my head resting on the pillows. Then he positioned himself between my legs, his fantastic black cock hovering over its intended target. His dick, flaccid now, began to grow as I stroked it with my hands. The bigger it got, the less confident I became of taking it all the way up my ass. Sensing my anxiety, Calvin reached for the lubricant that Phil and I always kept handy by the bed, and proceeded to slather it between my buns in exceptionally generous amounts, his finger sinking inside me and giving me a preview of coming attractions. I was almost hysterical with lust by the time he was done massaging the lubricant into my anus. I lifted myself up and kissed him passionately on the lips, then lowered myself back down onto the bed with my legs spread wide to await his entry.

"Fuck me, Calvin. Fuck the hell out of my ass!"

He grinned down at me, then very slowly began pushing his dick into my hole, inch by thick, throbbing inch, pausing every so often to enjoy my shudders and moans of pleasure as he worked his engorged ebony cock deeper and deeper into my rectum. To my amazement, I was able to take all that he had to give me. His dick slipped inside my ass as easily as the nozzle of the gas pump being inserted into the tank of a car at the filling station.

"Fill 'er up, man." The last inch of his fuck tool entered me, stretching me to my limits of endurance. "Fill 'er up with high-octane cock."

I wrapped my legs tight around his back to hold him snug inside my asshole. Calvin began thrusting, first forward and backward, then rotating his hips in a circular motion, then from side to side. He was driving me crazy; I screamed with excruciating pleasure as he screwed me into the bed.

We came almost simultaneously, the explosions rocking our bodies and the bed. I actually passed out, so intense was my pleasure. I woke up a few minutes later to find Calvin impaling me again, and as I drifted in and out of heavenly oblivion, he pumped my butt full to overflowing with a second tankful of his potent fuck fuel.

That morning I was late for work. By the time Calvin and I finally parted company I was absolutely satiated. I had never experienced physical sensations more thrilling, exhausting, or satisfying than my first black lover had just given me. During the drive to work, I found myself yearning for

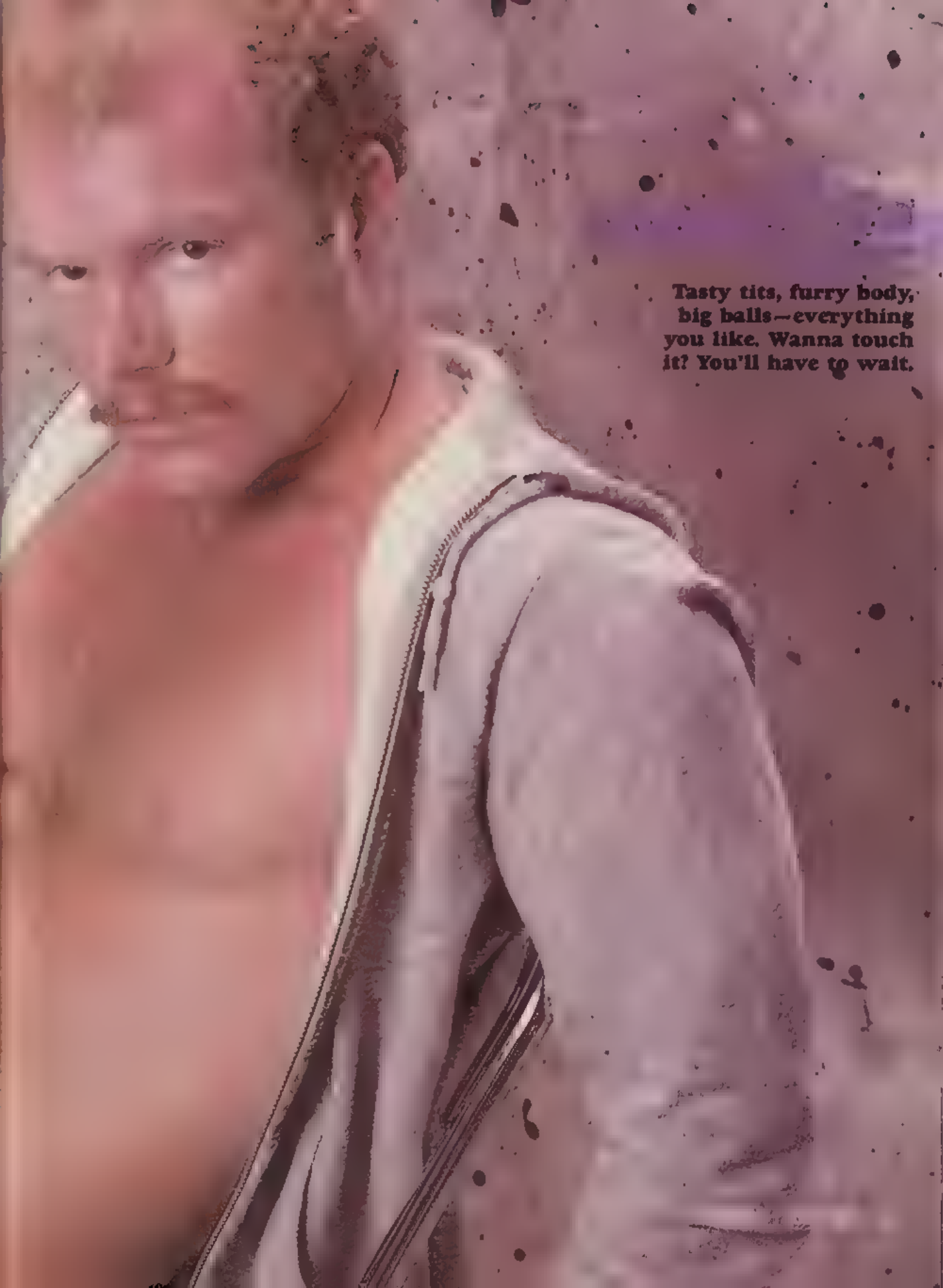
Continued to page 73

We rested for a few moments, then Calvin squirmed out from under me and turned me over onto my back. He positioned himself between my legs, his fantastic black cock hovering over its intended target. His finger sunk inside of me, giving me a preview of coming attractions.

Pleased To Tease

He's hot, he's ready, and he wants you. But you're going to have to ask for it; he loves to tease you.

Section photographed by Usher

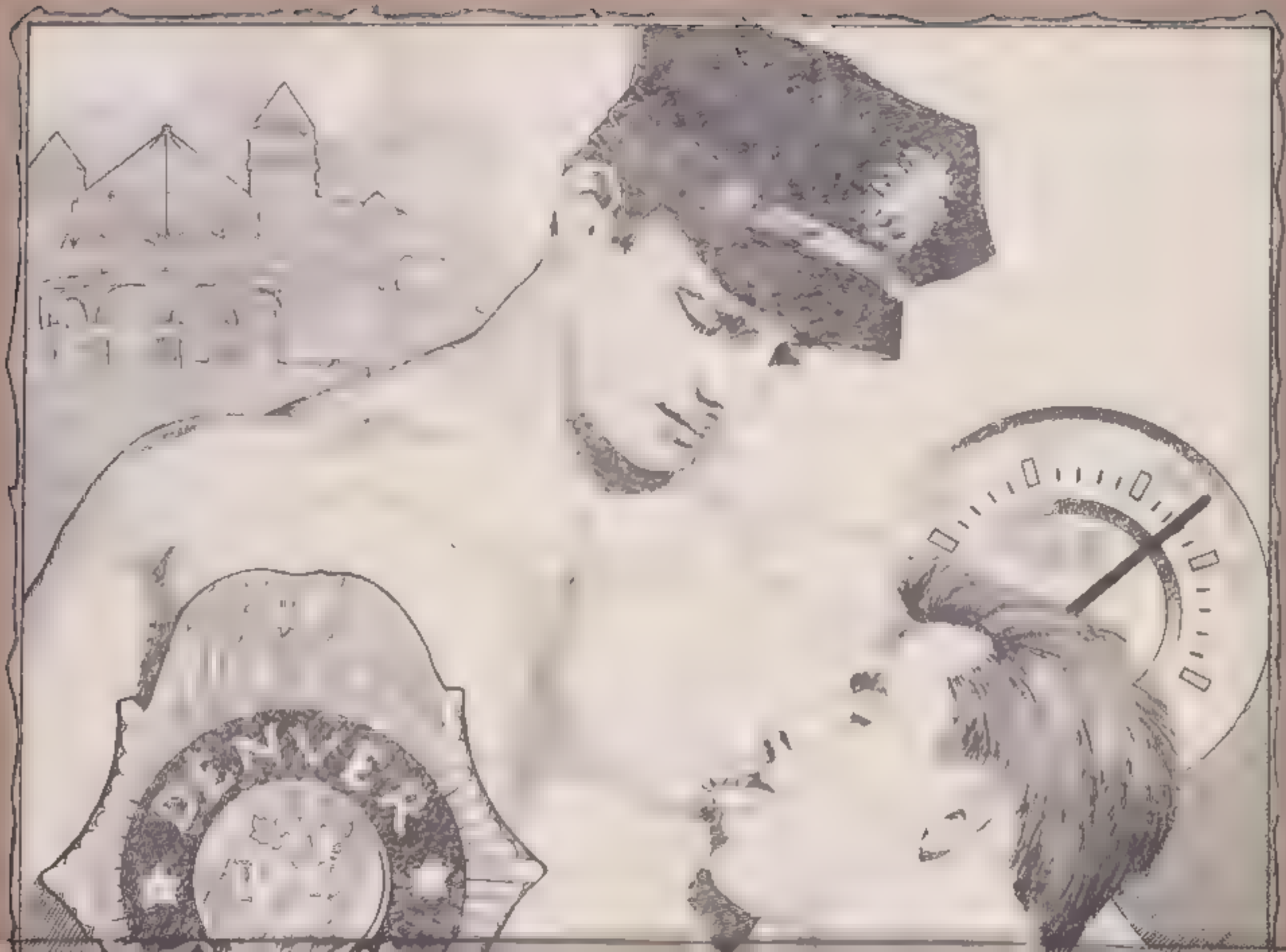

Tasty tits, furry body, big balls—everything you like. Wanna touch it? You'll have to wait.

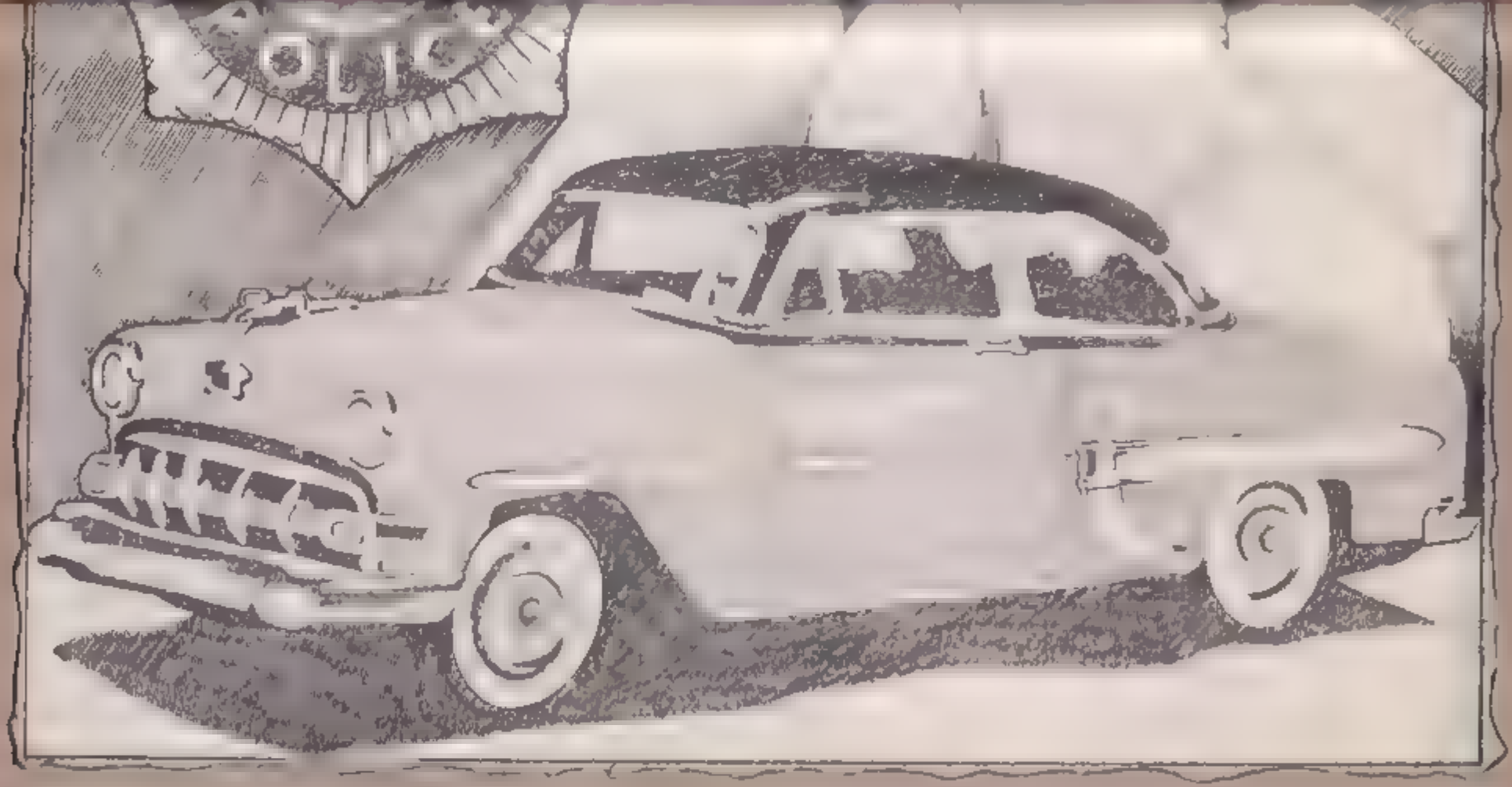
Pleased To Tease

Peek at those cheeks, check out that cock, and ask him for more. You'll get it—when he's good and ready to give it.

Pleased To Tease

[illegible] slow, steady striptease will get you ready to pop, but he plans to take his time. After all, he's planned on [illegible]





CHIP OFF THE OLE COP

BY TERRY MITCHELL • ART BY W DOUGLAS

Todd gunned the engine of the rented sedan and glanced at the speedometer as the needle edged up to 85. He knew that he was taking a chance but hell he wanted to see his brother.

After spending the better part of the afternoon wandering around the old hometown Todd had stopped to grab a few beers before picking up a car to drive out to the campus which was a considerable distance from the main part of town. Now with the afternoon sun fading on the horizon the big pro running back was trying to make up for lost time. Actually he'd enjoyed the time in town. It was nice to walk around unnoticed. In the team's home city he would've been mobbed

Continued to page 82

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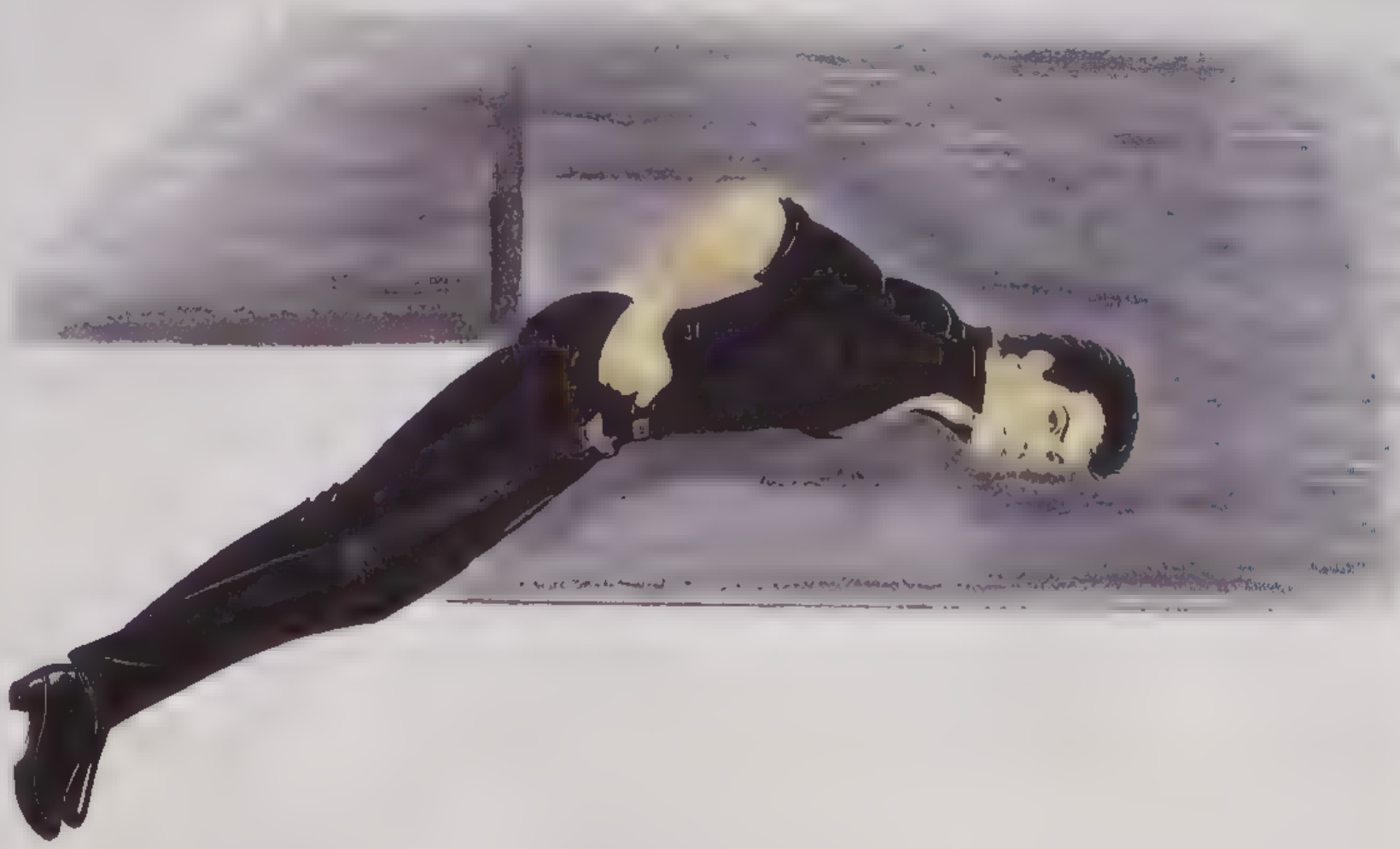

MIDNIGHT SMOKE

BY JOHN DUFFY • ART BY P.X.

My cigarette glowed as I took a drag. The light reflected off something at the end of the alley; I knew it was his eyes which seemed to glow in the dark. I reached out and grabbed hold of a huge dick. It felt uncut and fat; it was still growing in my hand as I pushed my face into his chest.

It was going to be a typical Friday night. I was thinking about taking an up and spending the night in my favorite backroom. A friend of mine called at about 11 and said he had picked up some magic mushrooms. If I wanted some I should come over by midnight. I got dressed and left. It was 20 of 12 when I arrived, and we both took the mushrooms immediately. My friend had a date, so after a quick joint I went for a walk to let the drugs kick in.

The moon was full and shone like the eye of an angry god as I wandered down the otherwise dark streets of the West Village. When I passed an antique clock shop, a hundred chimes rang out midnight. I was becoming aware of every part of my body. I thought it was the mushrooms.

Then I noticed him for the first time.

Dressed in black, dark hair blowing in the wind, and those eyes . . .eyes that pierced the thick night and stopped me dead in my tracks. He stared at me for only a moment, then disappeared down a side street. As he walked away, his powerful build was silhouetted against the moonlight. The only thing to do was to follow him.

I was in the warehouse section of the Village where the streets look more like alleys. When I reached the corner and looked down the street he had turned into, there was no sign of him. Halfway down the block I stopped to light a cigarette. The match flame reflected back at me from the end of one of the driveways. Like two burning coals in a void, his eyes lit up the darkness. A hand stretched out and beckoned me in. He was standing in a corner, and from where I was, I could make out a barrel chest chiseled from stone and covered in thick hair. Tight black trousers clung to his powerful legs.

He pointed to my Marlboros. I walked in, handed him one, and started to fumble for my lighter. It wasn't necessary. Maybe it was the drugs, but I could swear he lit the

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cigarette off the end of his hand. He took a long drag and leaned silently against the wall.

My hands began to roam around his chest. I felt his rock-hard pecs, pinched his firm nipples. He smiled, took my hand, shoved it down to his crotch. I grabbed hold of a huge dick. It was uncut and fat, and growing in my hand as I pushed my face into his chest. I started chewing on his tits, the dick jumped to full attention against my stomach. I dropped to my knees; he grabbed the back of my head and rubbed my face across the bulge in his groin. I stared up at him through a thick cloud of smoke, and my head began to spin. I started to open his zipper, but he yanked me back and, reaching down, pressed his face into mine and shoved his tongue halfway down my throat. The world stopped. There was no motion except mine and his, and the only sound was that of his better look, he pinned my shoulders to the door. Surprised, I strained to get free. He slammed me back into the door. "I'm the master of time, and tonight you are mine. Look at me and never say no again."

I knew there was no point in resisting. He brought me to the center of the room and ripped my shirt off. He rubbed his fist up and down along the ripples of my stomach, then stepped back. I stood mesmerized as he slipped his clothes off, like a snake shedding its skin. His cock pointed straight as an arrow toward me.

I sank down and took his dick in my mouth till I choked. He offered me some relief, but I greedily refused it, which seemed to please him. My hands made their way up his torso until they reached the mounds of his pectorals. I held tight as he began to work his cock in and out of my throat. Then he pulled his dick out and started pissing on me. It ran down my body beginning to drip pre-cum. I pulled it out of my jeans and started to whack off.

"Don't come until I tell you."

I went back to sucking his asshole. After a few minutes, or a few hours, he stepped over me. "On your hands and knees, like a good doggy."

He pulled down my jeans to expose my buns and lowered himself behind me. He beat the cheeks of my ass with that enormous piece of meat. He spread my cheeks wide open with his hand, spit on my hole, and shoved a finger in. I jerked.

"Ah.. you don't like fingers up there . hmm? Of course not."

His cock rubbed against me for a moment, then rammed inside me. "Breathe deep." He rammed me again. My knees buckled under the force of his thrust, and I collapsed. But it seemed like there was no floor, like I was floating in space. He began taking long, slow strokes. I could feel every

He motioned for me to get up. "I've got a better place," he growled in a low tone. "One that's better suited to what I want. That is, if you're sure that you are ready." Normally, a statement like this make me stop and ask what the other person is into. This time, it didn't matter. I just nodded and followed him down the street.

groaning. He let me go and I fell backwards, dizzy and out of breath.

He motioned for me to get up. Still stunned, I struggled to my feet. He growled: "I've got a better place, more suited to what I want—that is, if you are sure you're ready. . ."

Normally this would have made me stop and ask what the other person was into. This time it didn't even occur to me. I just nodded my head and followed him down the street.

I didn't notice which way we were walking. The only thing I was aware of was how still everything seemed. I did notice a clock tower; the hands were frozen at midnight.

In a few moments we were making our way up the stairs of a brownstone. He opened the door and we entered a room dimly lit by candles. I could barely make out what looked like strange symbols covering the walls. Before I could get a and formed a pool at my feet.

"You're going to do just what I say . you'll take everything I give you. . .you'll ask for more. Do you understand me?"

I nodded.

"Suck my balls, as if your life depended on it. Maybe it does."

I took both of his balls in my mouth and bathed them in my spit. I swallowed them and sucked them so deep that I could feel his pubic hairs against the back of my throat.

"Good. Good. Now, eat my ass. Lick it clean."

I shoved my head between his legs and parted the cheeks of his ass. My tongue teased at his hole. I pulled back and spit on it. Then I began to probe. He gave an approving moan, then: "Pull out your dick. Play with yourself."

My rod was hard as a brick and already inch of him inside me. He pumped my ass faster and faster, groaning in rhythm. There were other voices in the room, too. They seemed to be chanting something, but I couldn't make out what. Everything around me went black. Then I saw colors coming at me in waves as he fucked me. All sensation in my body was gone, except for that in my hole and in my rod, which was ready to shoot at any second.

"Yes, I know. I'm just as close. Feel it? Feel how hard and slick my shaft is becoming? Feel the swollen head? It's flushed with my blood and ready to spew scum all over you."

With that, he pulled his meat out of me and spun me around onto my back. "Send your cum flying through the air."

I looked up at him. His eyes were burning even brighter than before. I couldn't hold back any longer. As I started to spill cum all over myself, he unleashed his load

Continued to page 73

CHIP OFF

Continued from page 51

He zipped along the open road, planning things to do with his brother. They'd definitely have to go camping out at Jasper Lake. Their dad used to take them up there when they were just kids. Jeez, it was so beautiful—pine trees and blue sky forever. The nights were so cool and so dark. Todd remembered how he used to help his dad build the fire, with little brother Scotty chattering his head off the whole time. Later they'd fry fish caught from the lake, or more often than not, hamburgers that the ever-practical Constance McLauflen had packed.

Todd's reverie was broken by the pierce of a police siren. Oh shit, he thought as he braked and pulled over to the shoulder of the road, I'm never going to get to the campus now.

The big blue and white cruiser pulled up behind him. Todd watched in his rearview mirror as a lanky redhead in sunglasses climbed out. The guy seemed youngish for a cop, about 21 or so. Lean build, smooth and flowing. Probably ran track or something in school. The patrolman strode up to the sedan coolly, his eyes invisible behind the dark glasses....

"Goin' a bit fast there, pal. What's the rush?

"Oh? Was I? Damn, I could've sworn I was doin' about 55."

"Don't bullshit me, buddy. Let's see your license."

Todd reached into the pocket of his faded Levi's and fished out his wallet, pulling out the license and flipping it through his fingers to the sinewy redhead. As the young cop studied the license, Todd looked him over. The tight nylon trousers hugged his lean thighs and his stomach was taut and trim. His uniform shirt pulled tight across a set of full pecs. He was not nearly as heavy as the massively-muscled running back, yet Todd could surmise that the patrolman's build was probably no less beautiful that his own. This guy was probably more of a swimmer than a ball player. Yep, Todd thought, noting the disproportionate heaviness of the upper chest and shoulders, this cop must have burned up the pool at one time in his life. Hmmm, maybe I could win him over.

"Did you go to school up at State?"

"Huh? Uh, yeah," the cop answered, pulling out his ticket book. "Why?"

"You look like a swimmer. I figured you might have been on the team at the university."

Bingo. The young redhead broke into a stunning smile. "I was. I was the best. Hottest thing in the water." The cop beamed at him.

Looks like a toothpaste ad, Todd chuckled to himself. I'll bet you were indeed the hottest thing in the water.

"Come to think of it," the young cop continued, "your name looks awfully familiar. Were you ever at State?"

"No, I went out west to play football. But my kid brother's there."

"McLauflen. Of course. The wrestler. State's got this fuckin' awesome team and he's one of the stars. What is it now. .Skip? Scoot? Scott. Scotty McLauflen. Yeah, man, he kicked the shit out of a dude a couple of nights back. We're talkin' serious ass-whipping."

"I taught him everything he knows."

"No shit? My dad taught me to swim. He's sheriff in this county and—"

"Sheriff? Wait a minute. .you're A.J. Canatella's kid."

"Yeah. But please don't call me that. Don't get me wrong, Dad and I get along fine—obviously, seeing as I joined his squad—but the whole damned county has been calling me 'A.J. Canatella's kid' all my life. I'll never forget the time when I won a tough meet and the next day the local paper headlined the story with 'A. J. Canatella's Kid Steals the Show.'"

Todd smiled and extended his hand. "Well, I'm Josh McLauflen's kid, also known as Todd McLauflen."

"Billy Canatella." He took Todd's hand and shook it heartily. "Good to meet you, man ..even under the circumstances."

"It's okay, buddy. You're just do n' your job."

"Yeah. You're the last one of the day though. It's quittin' time."

"Really? Well, look here, I got a few bottles of beer in the back. How about we kill 'em off?"

"Sure. But let's move over to the squad car. I want to be near the radio in case anything comes up."

"Okay, but is it all right to drink in a patrol car?"

"Sure," Billy said, flashing that impossible smile, "I'm A. J. Canatel a's kid. I can do whatever I want." Laughing out loud, he turned and strode back toward the squad car.

The young patrolman strode up to Todd's sedan coolly, his eyes invisible behind the dark glasses. "Goin' a little fast there, pal...what's the rush?" "Was I? Damn, I could've sworn I was doin' about 55..." "Don't bullshit me, buddy...Let's see your license..."

A couple of hours later, the two men were stretched out in the back seat, passing the last beer between them. It was twilight now and Billy had pulled off his sunshades to reveal a pair of bright green eyes which sparkled when he laughed—which was often. The brews had him feeling pretty loose now and he chattered on about swimming, the highway patrol, his various girlfriends, life with A. J. Canatella, the latest crime statistics, and all the other garbage men reel off after a couple of beers. Todd nodded and listened, enchanted by the young man's smile. Billy looked for all the world like a Norman

Continued to page 72

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AND
Beef
You're just in time for the barbecue. Hope you're hungry because this guy has been preparing a very special meal.
Section photographed by Alfredo

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AND
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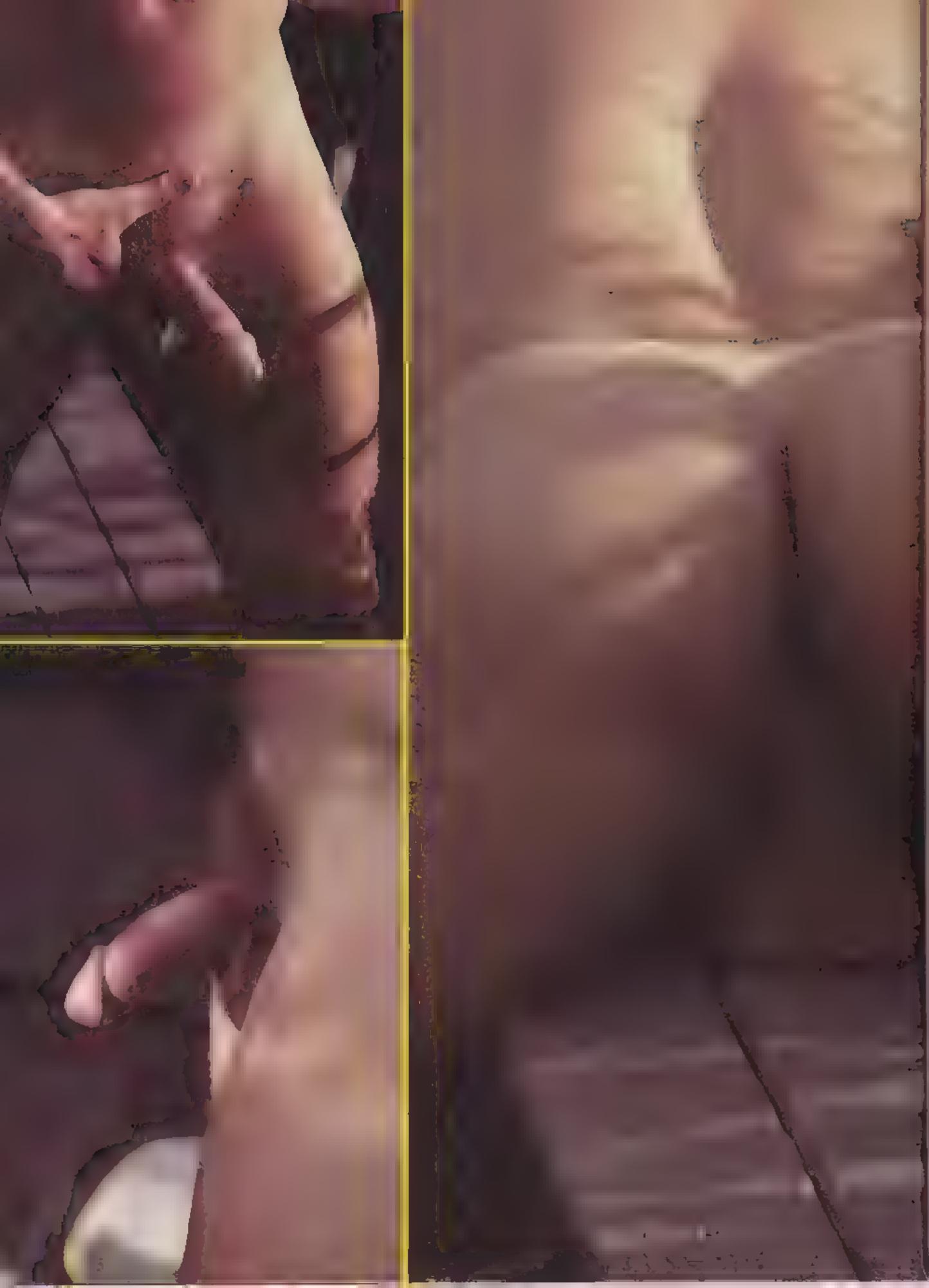

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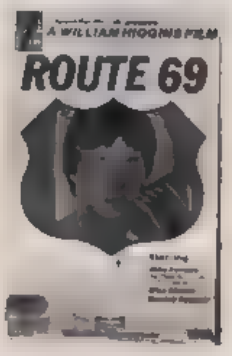

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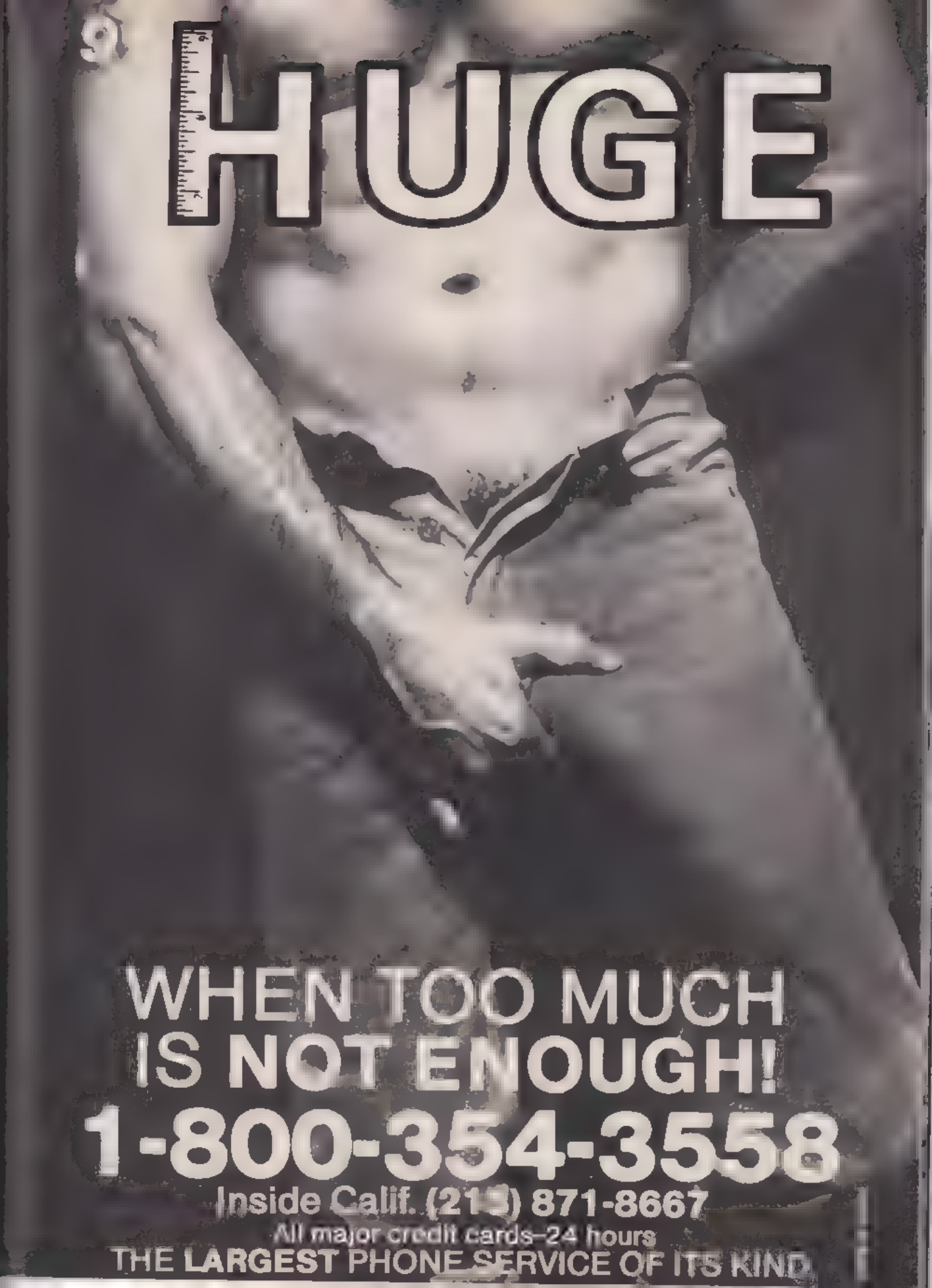
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REBEL REVENGE

Continued from page 28

be degraded by you is to be honored Degrade me. Humble me with your piss."

Alexei and Ilya looked at each other, then again at the Afghan youth They would honor his request And, as they somehow knew, though they did not understand it, they would enjoy the act, as both had somehow at least partly enjoyed their own, frightening humiliations.

Alexei aimed his long cock over Brak's furry chest and let loose a stream of hot, yellow piss that splashed and splattered in the lamplight. Ilya, mesmerized by the sight of his comrade hosing down the young rebel, spread his powerful legs and with his hands on his hips, released a steaming cascade from his short, hugely round organ, squarely targeting Brak's own hard cock

As Ilya s offering drenched his genitals, Brak went into a silent frenzy, squirming his powerful, athletic body this way and that to catch every drop. "In my face—my face!"

Nearing the end of their capacity, Ilya and Alexei turned their slackening streams on the boy's handsome, beardless face. Brak closed his eyes tightly and opened his mouth to taste the soldiers' briny offering The Russians watched with amazement as the young Afghan's body went rigid. Suddenly, from the boy's swollen organ wad after wad of semen shot skyward, spattering Alexei's belly and Ilya's hairy thighs

As the Russians shook off the last drops of piss, they realized simultaneously that they were getting hard. The spectacular climax of the prone Afghan youth had aroused forbidden lusts—for the boy, for each other They frigged themselves to a frenzy, and with muscular legs taut and pelvises thrust forward, they let the dripping heads of their organs touch Alexei looked helplessly into the dark eyes of his comrade. His lean, rigid body shook as the sperm streamed from his long, pulsing tool Brak reveled in dazed pleasure and accepted his new friend's latest offering

Ilya's member had become so sensitized that he could no longer bear to manipulate it, instead, he just held it as it spewed out his manhood Alexei stared in fascination at his friend's powerful blasts, several of which hit his own still-oozing cock. Finally, Ilya's reservoir emptied, and he sank exhausted to the floor. Alexei lay down on the other side of Brak The Russian soldiers placed arms under their Afghan comrade's head, and in a spontaneous gesture totally without lust, the three youths lingered over brotherly kisses.

After a brief rest, and a bit of tidying up, they would make good their escape ■

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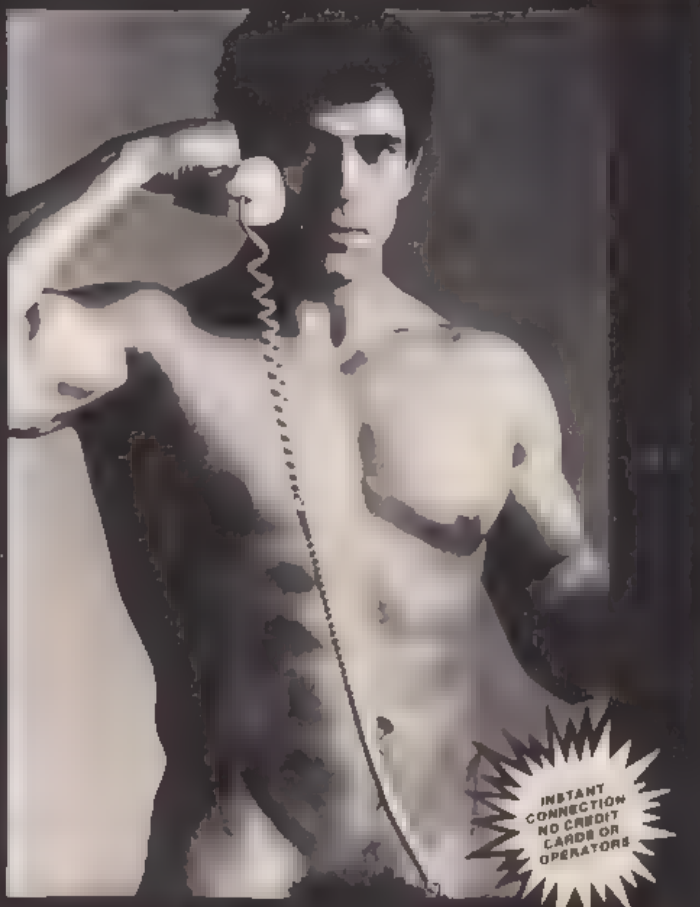

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CHIP OFF

Continued from page 60

Rockwell portrait come to life. Todd smiled at the thought of this quintessential boy-next-door playing Cops & Robbers on his daddy's police force.

"Hey, I see you grinning over there. What's so funny?" Billy asked.

Todd didn't answer; he just looked the young cop straight in the eye as he reached over, unpinned his badge, and dropped it to the floor of the car. "I think I like you better without that thing."

"Hey, I earned that! I—"

Todd pressed his fingers against Billy's lips as he slowly unbuttoned the uniform shirt, the bulge in his Levi's swelling as he brushed a warm pectoral.

The cop was confused, not quite sure what was happening to him. His green eyes were full of bafflement as the confident jock continued to work his way down the buttons, finally pulling the shirt loose and spreading it open to reveal the young man's smooth, tanned chest.

Collecting himself, Billy grabbed Todd's hand as the running back reached for the policeman's fly. Should Billy let the guy go on? He turned the guy's hand over in his own and stared at it. After a full two minutes, Billy looked up into Todd's eyes and slowly pressed the athlete's hand against his crotch, covering it with his own.

Billy was silent as Todd massaged the full mound at Billy's groin, slowly working the young cop's meat through the thin material of his uniform trousers. Todd could feel the dick rising and stiffening beneath the cloth. Billy stared straight ahead, his eyes fixed on a point on the dark horizon, his chest heaving slightly as Todd's strokes became bolder and more assured. His erection was stretched out along his thigh now, and there was a dark spot where his dick juice stained the cloth.

Todd ran his hands along the length of the cop's meat and then cupped the redhead's groin and squeezed, working the young man's nuts. Billy's breath caught and he sank back against the seat, closing his eyes and dropping his hands to his sides.

Todd unclasped the heavy gunbelt, removed Billy's sidearm, and pushed it safely under the seat. He loosened the snaps and zipper, pausing to probe the white cotton boxers underneath. He stroked the furry balls and slipped a finger into the cop's butt crack. The hole was tight, virginal, moist with sweat. Billy stiffened, then spread his thighs to let Todd push deeper.

Todd plundered Billy's butt and his cock for several hot minutes, letting the rookie get accustomed to a man's touch. His hand moved roughly over Billy's nuts, tightly around his meat; gently but firmly at his butt. The manly athlete worked the young patrolman over with tender authority, leaning forward to silence the cop's token protests with hard kisses.

Their mouths locked as Todd brought Billy down against the door of the squad car. The jock raised his hands to Billy's nipples and pinched the sensitive crowns until they stood stiff beneath his fingertips. He brought his mouth down and bit the points, clamping his teeth and ignoring the young man's groans.

Rummaging through the loose boxers, Todd caught the cop's fragile ballsac and squeezed it, sending a bolt of pain through Billy's groin. Hurt and angry, the cop tried to fight back, slamming a fist hard into Todd's ribs. The tough pro-jock just chuckled and tightened his grip on Billy's manhood, working his hand deep inside the guy's shorts and below the tender nuts. His fingers rammed into Billy's cherry butt, breaking through the tight sphincter and triggering a strangled sob from the struggling cop.

Todd crushed his mouth over the young man's quivering lips and forced them apart, tasting him long and hard as he continued priming the asshole.

Hot tears streamed down the cop's face. The pain seemed to be everywhere. The brawny athlete kissed him greedily, alternately shoving his tongue deep into the cop's mouth and removing it to nibble at his chin and earlobes. Todd kissed and grazed Billy's cheeks, his dick straining against the Levi's as he tasted the salty wetness of the young man's tears.

He shoved his fingers all the way up Billy's ass one last time, holding them there as he gazed into the trembling cop's eyes. Todd kissed the frightened young man lightly on the lips and pulled his hand out of the shorts, only to grab them at the dick-seam and rip downward, hooking the juice-stained trousers at the zipper and dragging them down to Billy's knees to expose the young man's dick and nuts.

Todd unclasped the heavy gunbelt, removing the cop's sidearm and pushing it safely under the seat. He loosened the snaps and zipper, pausing to probe the white cotton boxers underneath. He stroked the furry balls and slipped a finger into the cop's virgin butt crack.

The big athlete bent low and kissed Billy's scrotum, licking and sucking the balls with care and tenderness. His tongue probed the downy fuck-zone, making the lanky cop tremble as he grazed the hypersensitive area between his nuts and ass. Todd traced his tongue to the base of the hard, curving dick. He grazed upward, licking and biting the shaft and pausing a second before taking the blunt cockhead deep into his throat.

Billy arched and groaned as the hot mouth closed around his maleness; he bucked his hips upward to meet Todd's downstroke. The men began to move in rhythm with each other. Billy's hard dick bruised against Todd's throat with each manly thrust. They drew the mouth-fuck out, pacing their heat to keep their nuts in check. Todd reached down and unbut-

toned his faded Levi's. He pushed them down just below his ass. He wore no shorts and his ten-inch dick was stiff and shiny with its own lubrication.

Soon Billy's sinewy torso was glistening with sweat as he humped Todd's mouth, his muscles tense and straining against the heat rising from his nuts. He worked his hips in a powerful grind, his chest heaving as his dick slid deep, sharp exhalations passing through gritted teeth as he withdrew. Todd struggled and gagged on the rigid meat. The young cop was fireblind now, fucking on pure male instinct. His ass muscles clenched as he closed in on his orgasm.

The redhead grunted and slammed hard into the jock's throat one last time. Todd felt the dick pulse as Billy went rigid beneath him, cursing as his swollen nuts spilled their heavy load. His cum was thick and plentiful and it filled Todd's mouth faster than he could swallow. The excess juice dribbled down to the dense red bush at the cop's crotch, matting the sweat-soaked hair to his skin.

Swallowing the last of Billy's cream, Todd pulled up and gazed at the beautiful young cop. The young man lay tousled and drained, his skin flushed and hot. Todd bent to kiss him gently on the nipples, then caught the guy at the hips and turned him over.

Billy's creamy white ass stood high and round, contrasting sharply against his dark tan.

Todd pressed his sticky, juice-coated cockhead against the tight hole. He came down hard and slid in strong, shoving the rigid cock up the young man's ass in one clean, continuous stroke. His harsh finger-fuck had opened the tight passage and broken Billy in to the pain. The young cop took the dick like a man, raising his hot ass to meet the jock's thrust. "That's it, cop-boy," Todd chuckled. "Now let's have some fun."

Todd fell against Billy and began to hump him mercilessly, ramming his dick up the cop's ass in machine-gun strokes. It was a punishing, caveman fuck and soon the patrol car was filled with the harsh grunts and groans of raw male-on-male sex.

Todd's lips came down to Billy's ear as he continued to hump the young cop's ass. Todd began to fuck slow and long and deep, making Billy feel every inch of his massive dick. With each stroke he pulled all the way out to the cockhead, then shoved in deep, pushing his dick-meat far into Billy's raw butt.

"Don't you wish Daddy Canatella could see you now, pretty boy," Todd whispered harshly. "Wouldn't daddy be proud to see how his fair-haired boy takes cock? Come here!" He twisted Billy's head around roughly and slapped him hard in the face. "Now, spread ass!"

The men locked together and burned through a ruthless fuck. Todd rammed into the virgin ass again and again, biting Billy's shoulders and neck as his dick kept thrusting. "So fuckin' good," he groaned, hitting the tender ass harder and harder, jamming his ten-inch meat deep into Billy's quivering butt and holding it until it hurt. The young cop began to buckle beneath the assault. "Todd! Todd, please! Owww! Easy, Todd. Oh, God! It's so big...so big .. uunnnhhhh T—Todd!"

The big jock's lips brushed against Billy's ear, his voice coarse and searing. "Work your butt. That's it, yeahhh. Move with me, Billy. .like that...now tighten up...clench your ass. I said *clench*, cop-boy! Good. Now, hold it, Billy. Yeah, that's it ..uuuummm...sweet fuckin' cherry ." Todd was salivating. "I want your nuts, Billy. I want you to cream for me again. C'mon, cop-boy, we're gonna wet your daddy's squad car together."

Billy's long, curving dick was stiff and slick with lubrication. Todd pumped it savagely, countering the mean strokes he whipped against the youth's ass. He broke his fuck rhythm to match Billy's hump against his fist, slamming in as the younger man pulled back, forcing Billy to give it all.

Dazed from the animal fuck, Billy lost control. His nuts drew tight against his groin. Todd smiled as the dick began to pulse in his fist.

"Atta boy Canatella, give it up. Let the nuts go. C'mon , juice for me...that's it...yeah, nice and hot . Shoot, cop-boy!"

Billy choked back a sob as his cream gushed and spilled across the seat of the squad car, covering the leather with big, white globs. Todd milked the younger man dry, then pushed him flat on the seat and smeared him into his own cum.

"Feel yourself, cop-boy? Is it nice? Huh, Billy? You like the feel of hot juice, Billy? Well, ol' Toddy's 'bout to give you an ass full.. "

He rammed in to the hilt, clamping his hand over Billy's mouth to silence him as he pumped him full of boiling cum.

"A.. whole .fuckin'. .ass..full "

Todd came hard and deep in the young cop's ass, pumping his load in powerful jets. Billy shuddered at the sensation of warm cream filling him up. He kissed and nibbled Todd's hand as the big jock juiced his crack.

They lay together, Todd remaining on top of Billy until his cock softened and popped out of the young man's butt. "You all right, Bill?"

"Just a little sore, Mr 'Whole Fuckin' Ass Full,' but I think I'll be okay. You were kind of rough there."

"Guess I got a little carried away. I didn't mean to hurt you, Bill. Honest."

"Bullshit."

"Well, maybe just a little..."

"I owe you one."

"Is that a threat or a promise?"

"Depends on how *you* feel about takin' it up *your* ass—now that you've shown me how it's done."

"Ah. Then it's a promise."■

TELL ME ALL

Continued from page 40

Calvin and his big, beautiful black cock. I knew that I wanted and needed him to screw me again, I prayed the chance would come soon.

And, of course, I couldn't wait until my coffee break at work, so I could tell Mark all about it. For that matter, I couldn't wait to *fuck* Mark and then tell my lover Phil, all about *that*, and about Calvin.

My erotolalia is apparently incurable and undeniably severe. That night Phil and I had to change the sheets three times!■

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MIDNIGHT SMOKE

Continued from page 59

My cum erupted and flowed; his rained down on me.

I lay still in the aftermath. He leaned down and stirred our juices together with his hand. He made some sort of design on my chest. It felt like a star. Then he stood up over me.

"I will be coming back for more . when the mood strikes me. You are mine now."

I closed my eyes. When I opened them, only a few seconds later, he was gone. And the room was entirely empty, dank, featureless. I staggered to my feet and stumbled into the hallway. I was in some sort of warehouse or industrial building, most of which seemed unused.

I ran down the stairs; six flights, I think. At last I was on the street again. I felt confused, disoriented, abandoned.

The tower clock showed two minutes past midnight.■

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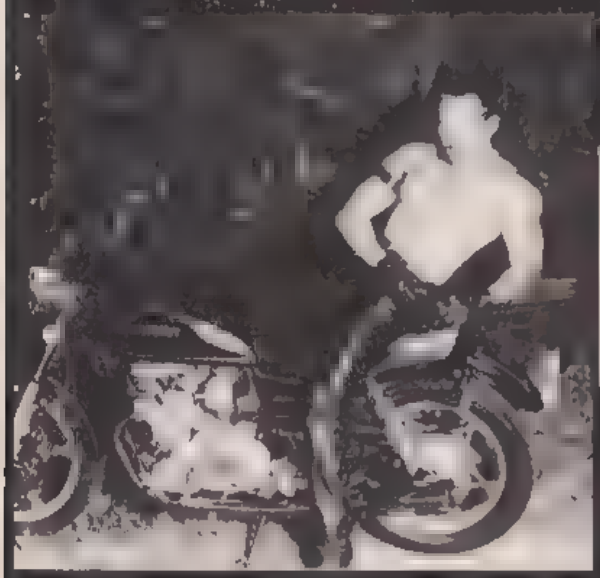

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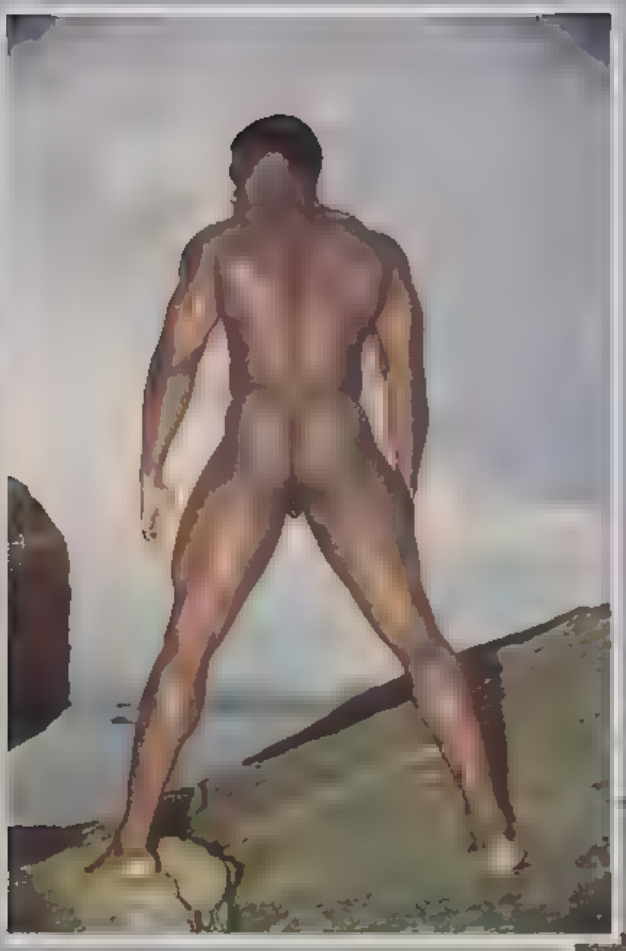
Seascape

By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful. . .man who has emerged from the sea.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn



Seascape

You and me, [illegible] me [illegible] and a [illegible] treasure such as this.

Seascape

We love to be beside the sea... which has given us this muscled gift.

Seascape

Beside the seaside...
begging for his favor.

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12/1/85	3/1/86
1/1/86	4/1/86
2/1/86	5/1/86
3/1/86	6/1/86
4/1/86	7/1/86

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

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ARIZONA

DADDY'S BOY/SLAVE.

Sought for monogamous relationship by 6' 165 lbs, 38, mature, stable, industrious, masculine, straight acting and appearing, supportive, extremely affectionate and cuddly who seeks the same. You: like deep throat, body worship, light B&D, are intelligent, good looking, 18-28, athletic, muscular, and extremely smooth hairless skinned guy. Must be able to relocate. No drugs, cigarettes and drink occasionally. Robert 5823 North Invergordon Road, Scottsdale, AZ 85253.

HOT & HORNY COWBOY

Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751

ALABAMA

PENPALS

Attractive GWM, 24, 5'8", 150, brown/blue, versatile, seeks correspondents 18-35. Letter w/photo, fantasies. Paul, PO. Box 550295, Birmingham, AL 35255-0295

CALIFORNIA

DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. PS Correspondence from any state or country welcome.

TWO VERSATILE EAST BAY

w/Buddies, 35/40 looking for 3rd. We're into leather, boots, uniforms, toys, tits, balls, bondage. D/S, creative safe-sex. Want to play? Tell us about yourself, your fantasies. 484 Lakepark #190, Oakland CA 94610.

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also, fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114

COLORADO

VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME

Sexy, intelligent, gdlkg stud seeks same 18-35. Photo gets mine. Box 167, Greeley, CO 80631

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Good looking/straight acting Bi/WM, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611

FLORIDA

FIREMEN/COPS

Wanted by hot, goodlooking, bi, 36, very uninhibited yet safe, healthy & discreet. Turn on to gear, uniforms, stories. Scott, PO. Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. 305-863-9333. Thanks, dudes!

FULL EROTIC SENSUOUS MASSAGE

By handsome BI-WM. Safe, discreet, male or female, in or out. Chad 305-894-0148 Orlando

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

SCULPTURED BODY

W/M 24, 6', 170 lbs. Extremely good looking, tan muscular body, smooth skin, cute ass. Prefer smooth bodies, 18-25. Nude photo and phone a must. 2009 NE 22nd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305.

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD" SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"

Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

GAINESVILLE AREA

Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

LONELY WHITE FLORIDA MALE INMATE

23 yr. old 6'0", 170 lbs. Sincere and loyal looking for anyone with a good heart that isn't afraid to take a chance on me. Would like to share some care and warmth. William Thompson #053779, PO. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091

GEORGIA

STUD BROTHERS

Ranchers. Clint: 40, 5'9", 160. Bi Hairy. Salt/pepper hair/moustache. Hung 9" × 5½" around. Mike: 30, 6', 165. Straight. Tan. Black hair/moustache. Hung 8½" × 5" around. Invite letters, calls, and visits from masculine men, especially those who travel in our area regularly. Esp. truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, firemen, and salesmen. We are for real. You be, too. WE DO NOT WANT PHONE SEX. We want the real thing. CTJ, PO. Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709 (912) 924-4038, weekdays, 8AM–5PM, some nights 9–11PM. Ask for Clint or Mike.

MASCULINE, MUSCULAR

Healthy hot man into 35mm self-photography, bikinis, j/o sessions. M M , PO. Box 1472, Lilburn, GA 30247

VERY WEALTHY

Masculine Top GWM 34 seeks young man ?-22 for companionship. Must be honest, clean, and willing to relocate. I have much to offer. Only sincere boys need apply. Box 3205, Atlanta, GA 30302

ILLINOIS

LONELY, Y/W/M

Seeking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

HOT AND HUNGRY

Guaranteed clean—Good looking GWM, straight acting and looking—5'9" Brn, Blu, moustache, hot ass and cock (7½") with insatiable appetite for sex, looking for a clean guy my age (32) to 45, married OK—discretion. Scott, 1507 Locust #107, Elkhart, IN 46514

KENTUCKY

SHY, GOODLOOKING, GWM,

5'10", 150, brown/green seeks handsome, masculine topman 18-35. No fats, ferns, blacks. Discretion assured. Send photo, letter. P.O. Box 43421, Louisville, KY 40243-0421

LOUISIANA

MASCULINE GWM, 23,

6', 170 lbs., straight appearing, looking for sexy young men for correspondence or encounters. Your photo and letter gets mine. Michael, Box 30153, Lafayette, LA 70503-0153.

IOWA

GWM-TOP 6'4" 195 LBS.

Blue eyes, moustache, 36 yrs. seeks young males 18-27 needing to be dominated. Send letter of submission. Photo a plus. PO. Box 94101, Des Moines, Iowa 50394.

BEGINNER, GLKG, 22.

Like to be fucked. Seek G/Looking guy. Hispanics & Arabics welcome. Write DINO, Box 1015, Des Moines, IA 50311

MICHIGAN

MARRIED, BI

Masculine, sensuous, seeks same. Randy, P.O. Box 6081, Jackson, MI 49204.

WM, 39, MARRIED, MASCULINE,

Congenial, Discreet For Fun/Friendship. P.O. Box 91, Muskegon, MI 49443

MISSOURI

BODYBUILDER

Masculine GWM, 5' 10", 195 lbs. Attractive, seeks same, Ages 20-35 (sexy), for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal and sexy data and photos gets reply. PO Box 40305, Kansas City, MO 64141.

NEBRASKA

GWM-SUBMISSIVE-BOTTOM

Medium build, 35, 5'2½", 135 lbs., straight acting. Seeks dominant, muscular, horny, cut hunks with hairy chests in need of oral stimulation. Hot mouth and ass needs your big thick tool. Truckers Welcome. Discretion a must. No Fats, Ferns, Blacks. PO. Box 31415, Omaha, NE 68131

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WM 29 5'11" 155,

into hot J/O, seeks others for intense action. Photos get mine. Box 13, Nashua, NH 03061-0013.

NEW JERSEY

COLLEGE STUDENT

Seeks same for friendship. Relationship or sex possible. Penpals OK. Box 772, Northfield, NJ 08225.

NORTH JERSEY NEEDS HELP

GWM 33 5'8" 185 lb. Br Hair, Gr Eyes. Just moved to NJ and looking for friend to share good times. Enjoy reading, music, quiet romantic evenings. Honest, sincere, straight acting, looking for same. Sexually versatile and health conscious. Send photo and letter to Bob, P.O. Box 538, Sparta, NJ 07871

GWM 38, 5'9"

Brn/Brn, 165. Versatile, Friendly, Fr/Act/Pass. Seeks Masc. Gay/Bis For Good Times. Bob, P.O. Box 1245, Union, N.J. 07083

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or ferns - Write. Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462.

NEW YORK

BIMWM

30, good looking, 155, hot & horny. Wants other hot men for safe, fun times. Discretion assured. If you're horny for dick with no hassles, contact David, Box 134 Dewitt, NY 13214.

HORNY 19 YR OLD VIRGIN

W/M 5'5", 130 lbs., extremely good looking, dark, sensual skin with cute ass just waiting for you. If you are white, good looking, have a gorgeous body, and are 18-24 yrs. old, show me how great sex with another guy is. Nude photo and phone a must: Box 353, Elmont NY 11003.

G/W/M VIRGIN

Brown/green 5'11", 155 lbs., 31", 23, looking for G/W/M 18-35 for good times. No drugs, no fats, no ferns. Photo, phone (Plus) will answer all (Hurry). Write: Box Holder, PO. Box 507, Vails Gate, NY 12584

TOP/BOTTOM

BI/WM 32 looking for same to have fun and explore together. Write your fantasies to PO Box 24861 Rochester, NY 14624

HOT MOUTH

craves hairy, masculine men (25-45). GWM, 31, 5'9", 150 lbs., hairy body. Handsome and hung. No cock has ever penetrated my tight butt. Looking for businessmen, preppies, athletes, married men. Send descriptive letter/revealing photo. CR, 600 W. 58th St., Suite 9150, NYC 10019

GOOD LOOKING/GWM

I am looking for a Greek or Turkish guy 19-30, good looking, to enjoy love, sex and life. I could share everything with the right person. No fats, ferns, drugs, S/M. Nice cock and big welcome. Send photo. 892 Spur Dr. So., Bay Shore, NY 11706

HOT COLLEGE FRESHMAN

Attractive, gentle, sincere. Live next to Fingerlakes Mall. Seeks men up to 35 for friends, good times, sex. Possible relationship. Box 238 Fosterville Road, Auburn, NY 13021.

BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED
by tall horny guy, 27, 6' 4", 190 lbs. (212) 874-0296.

TWO YNG GUYS
Seek yng well defined Body Builders. Tony (718) 762-2544; Box 1026, Woodside, NY 11377-1026.

LOVER OR ROOMMATE
BM, 40, 5'6", 140. Retired from military. I am warm, sincere, clean, healthy and straight appearing. Live in upper middle class area, with conv. 2 bedroom apt. Like to meet a guy 18-25. Will be good to the right person and take care of you. No fems, drugs, weirdos or prisoners. P.O. Box 604, Scarsdale, NY 10583

OHIO

GWM,19, 5'9", 155
Br/Blu, college jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meat you soonl Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered Write: Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Alvada, OH 44802

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,
Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

SINCERE, LONELY, ATTRACTIVE
GWM (38, 150 lbs, beard, moustache) looking for others for friendship, possible relationship. PO. Box 1683, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

YNG, BLOND SLAVE
Seeks Yng Levi/top (18-30), gdlkng, smooth bod & well hung. Me 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8½" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, W/S, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oiltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

FRIENDS & LOVERS
Dom GBM 59 155 lbs Seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats fems or tvs. Occupant, PO Box 166, Lebanon, PA 17402.

BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.
Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest, mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply Photo, phone. 717-323-1599.

NORTHWESTERN PA,
Or Western NY. Bi, 128, 5'6" White, Good build, Athletic, 42. Write and include photo. Jack Anderson, Box 982, Ellicottville, NY 14731

HARRISBURG AREA
GWM, 22, blond, blue, 5'3", 170 lbs. Handsome, good personality, sincere, straight looking/acting Seeking same to 30 for friendship and possible relationships. Please include photo. Write to Ernie, PO Box 6, Millersburg, PA 17061

SOUTH CAROLINA

BWM PROFESSIONAL
Seeks same for sincere friendship. Likes sports, workouts, outdoors. Occupant, PO Box 168, Aiken, SC 29802

W/M WANTS BODYBUILDER
or muscular football-type to share first experience with. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. PO. Box 42189, Columbia SC 29240

TEXAS

NEED FT HOOD AREA DADDY
G/Mex/26 yrs/Bl hair/Br eyes/6 inch uncut cock/130 lbs. Need Ft Hood area Daddy to service and worship his manly body. For hot manly cuddle and horny sex. Like all types of music, jogging, dancing, movies, quiet times. I don't smoke or do any heavy drinking No SM/BD, Fats, Fems, Scat, Pain, Blacks, Mex, Orient, Just horny hot manly men who wants daddy's little man to service him. Write Bobby Garcia, 204 Allen St, Coppers Cove, TX 76522 (817) 547-8064.

VIRGINIA

MASCULINE, MUSCULAR,
Daddy. Hairy, trim beard, hung, un-cut, 38, 5'9", 150 lbs. Sexually versatile, basically top. Reply w/photo. K. Noble, Box 13, Arlington, VA 22210. No fats, fem, or GBM

WASHINGTON

HOT 29 Y/O BI/W/M SINGLE
Seeks very hairy bearded/heavy mous man 30-42 for hot action. Prefer men 8" or more, married discreet men O.K. I'm 5'10" Dk. Brn. hair, green eyes, cut thick, and very hot Send letter with photo (preferably nude) and I'll write back. I'd like my hairy fantasies to cum true. Write to: Larry P.O. Box 5125, Olympia, Washington 98503.

WISCONSIN

GWM 26, 6' 195 lbs.
Well hung but inexperienced seeks blond WM for mutual enjoyment, into sucking and being sucked Your photo gets mine. Scotty, Box 11344, Shorewood, WI 53211

INTERNATIONAL

GERMANY (42)
Seeks friends 30-50 for friendship and correspondence from U.S., Canada and everywhere. Send photo please.

HOT AND JUICY
Two beautiful, muscular sons, 24, seek wealthy father Will travel. Reply to 80-21-10405 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, AB Canada T5J 3S2.

TORONTO AREA HOT/BOY SLAVE
Very obedient, handsome boy/slave, 28, wants to hear from handsome, horny, heavily hung daddy/master for uninhibited phone action, possible meeting Call (519) 749-0581 anytime.

WANTED
Old issues of BIG (I will buy cash a whole collection), HIM, old Colt mags. Address yr. terms to Claude, BIG, B.P.77, 56700 Hennebont, France.

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT
See "GEORGIA"

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Goin'
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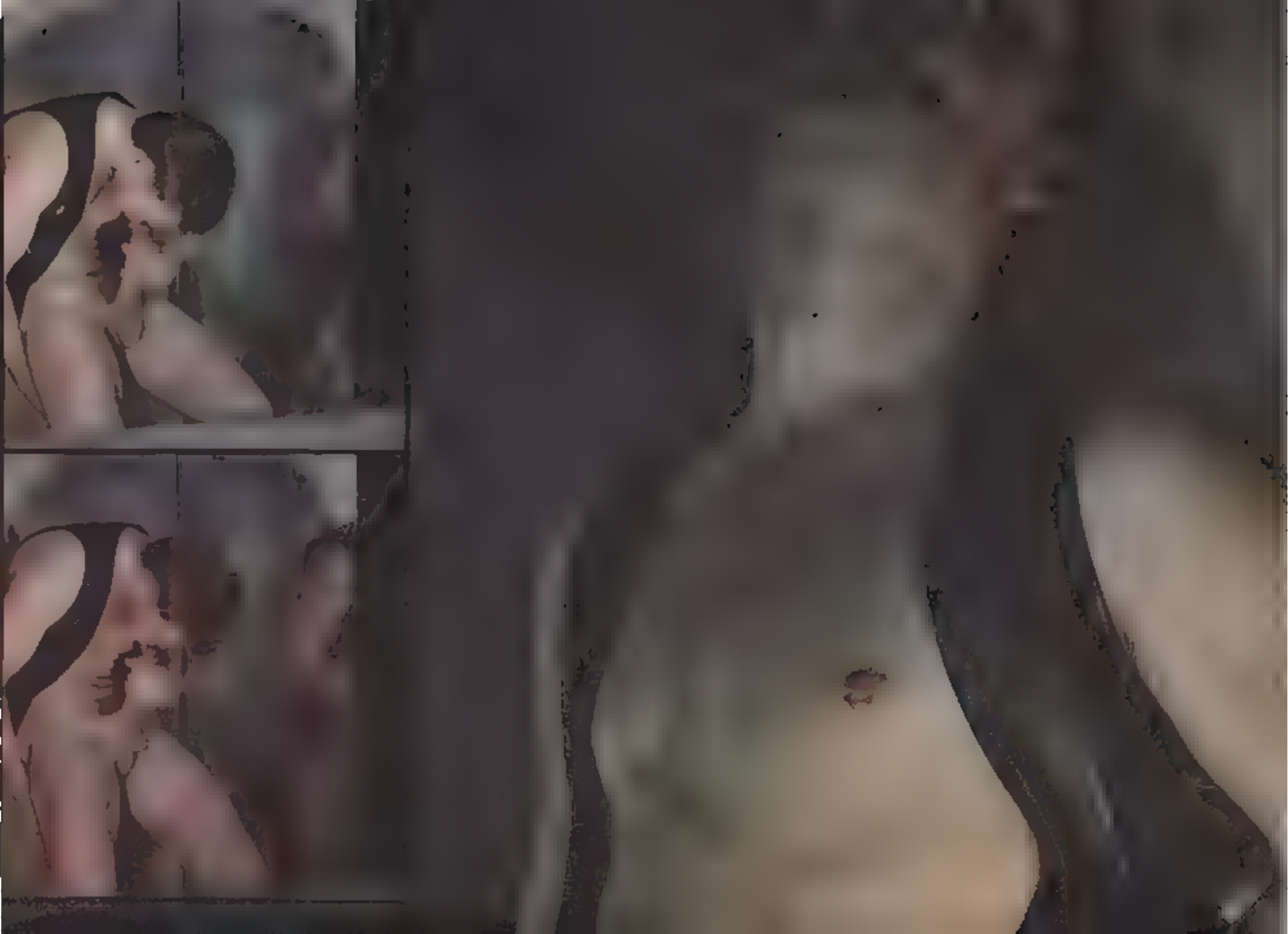

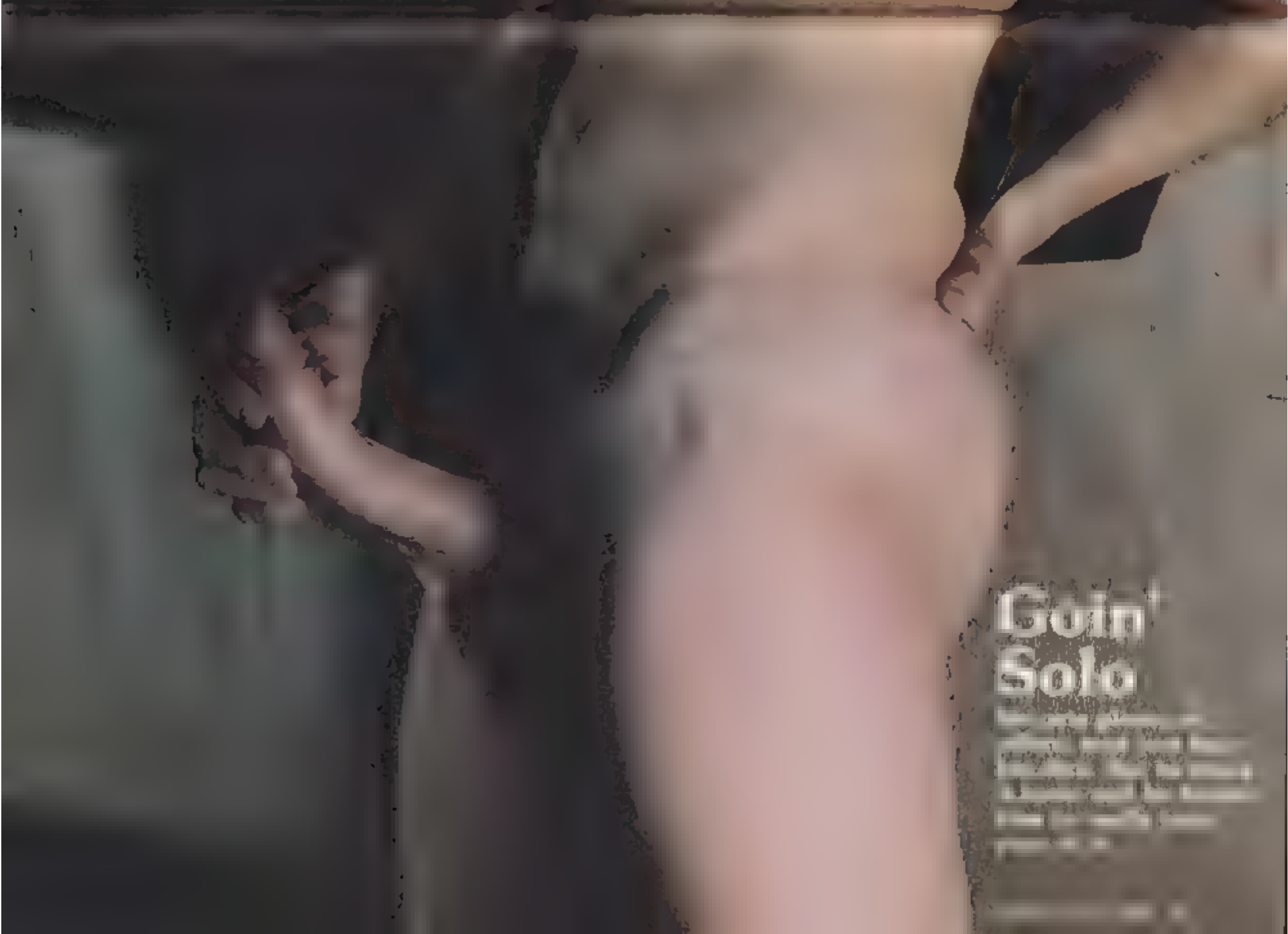
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